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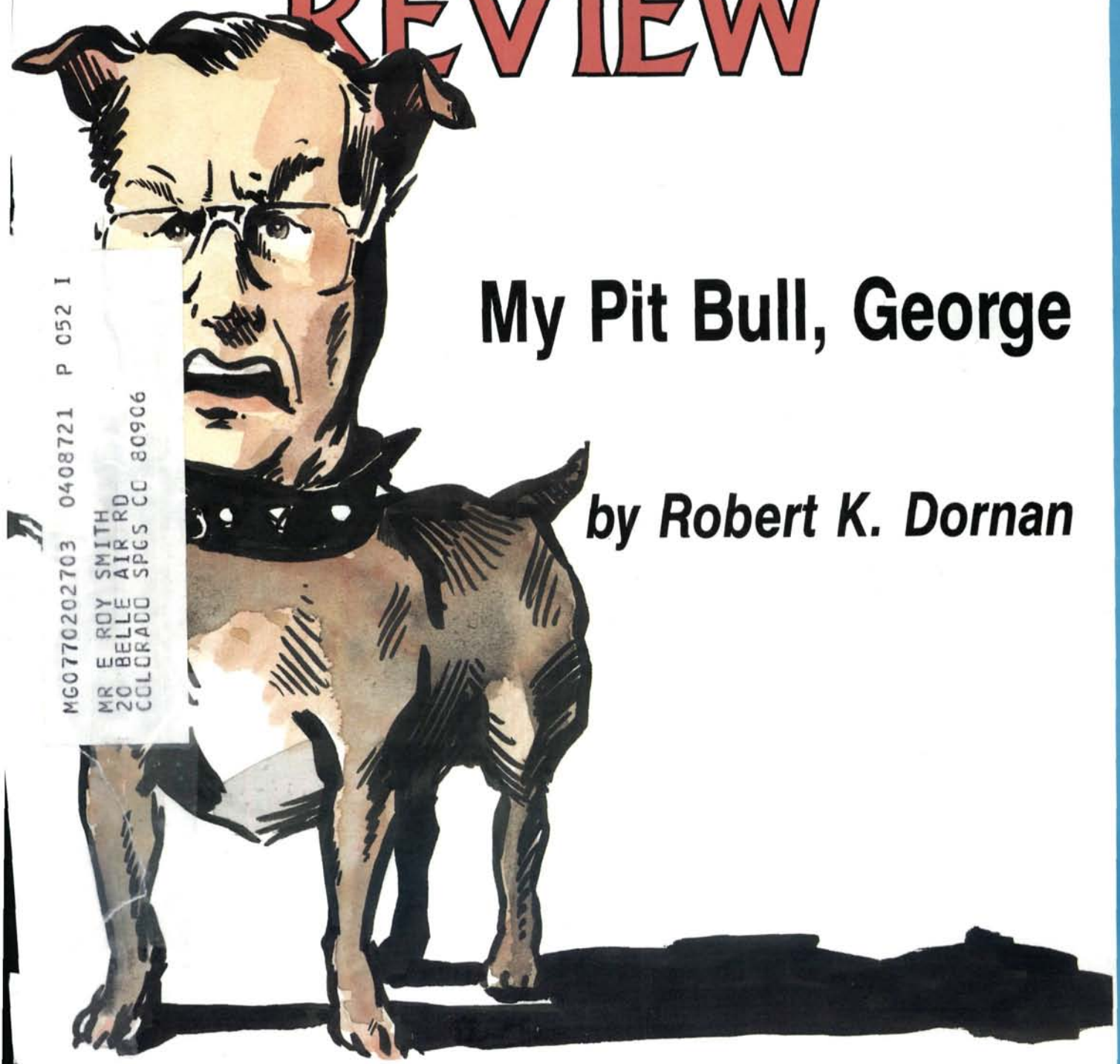
NOVEMBER 6, 1987

John McLaughlin
REAGAN'S CHAPERONS

# NATIONAL REVIEW



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## My Pit Bull, George

*by Robert K. Dornan*

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The Psychopeace Movement: David Brooks Goes New Age

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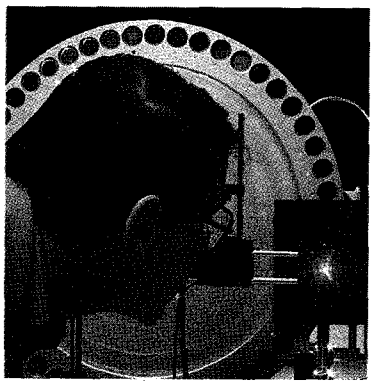

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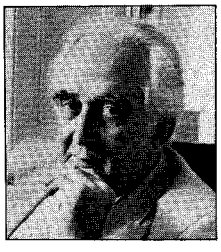
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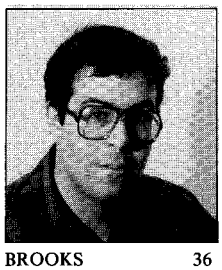
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# LETTERS

## ATTN: Ed Meese

Your October 23 issue paints an extremely sad and depressingly accurate picture of the current state of affairs in our government. Tom Bethell shows how dreadfully far the supposedly anti-Communist Reagan Administration has gone down the path to Carter-era internationalism, to the point where not only the State Department Pollyannas and arms-control Panglosses, but even Ronald Reagan himself is actively seeking to deceive the American people about his policies. George Smith's comments on Carter's judicial appointments, together with the appalling attack on Judge Bork, make it clear that the judicial branch is now likely to get worse, not better. Likewise for Congress, as shown by Cort Kirkwood's exposition of the multiple sins of Jim Wright, and—far worse—the lack of desire on anyone's part to do anything about him.

Here is a man who follows policies about as awful as you could ask, campaigning for tax increases, higher oil prices, and anti-anti-Communism in Central America. He is politically vulnerable —maybe even corrupt. Yet he is safe from his buddies on the ethics committee and in the media. Why can't our guys do something? This is a chance to fight by perfectly fair means, and we desperately need to fight back.

The Left is making the show trial and the media campaign-of-lies a part of the American system. The Democrats—and liberal Republicans—consider us to be far more of an enemy than they do the Russians. (Has Ted Kennedy ever said anything as venomous about *any* foreigner as he has about Judge Bork?) We can't choose not to play the game. They are fighting a total war against us. It's time to fight back—hard.

*W. Rob Leake*
*Palos Verdes, Calif.*

## Vigilante: Bork

Richard Vigilante's "Who's Afraid of Robert Bork?" [Aug. 28] made two key points: 1) Bork understands the Constitution as a working whole, designed to guard the liberty of virtuous men, while his opponents understand it simply as a list of (arbitrary) rights. 2) "It is political conflict that in the constitutional scheme creates space for liberty."

The Bork nomination is failing because the Left has presented Bork as denying the list of rights, which is all most Americans know of the Constitution after twenty-plus years of the Left's propaganda, while Bork's backers have not presented him as a man who would guard civilized, free society.

The men around Reagan didn't do their part; they didn't enter into the "hurly-burly conflict" in the field of public opinion. As they did with Colonel North, they left the victim to do all the work. Without both sides fighting, it seems our liberties have been lost. Does anyone in the White House read NATIONAL REVIEW?

*Eric Wong*
*Glendale, Calif.*

"Who's Afraid of Robert Bork?" is a masterly distillation of Judge Bork's theory of the nature and limits of judicial power in a democracy.

Judge Bork's understanding of the Constitution as a democratic instrument is indeed profound. Richard Vigilante deserves applause for making that profundity clear to an audience beyond the professoriate of law and political science.

*Wm. Bradford Reynolds*
*Assistant Attorney General*
*Washington, D.C.*

## A Cut on Schmitt

Paul Gottfried's "Legality, Legitimacy, and Carl Schmitt" ["Books, Arts, & Manners," Aug. 28] ignores serious problems in Schmitt's thought. Although Schmitt's analysis of democratic decadence has echoes in Burnham and Revel, Schmitt's teaching is clearly outside the limits of acceptable conservative discourse.

Schmitt's 1927 article "The Concept of the Political" identifies the central distinction in politics as the dichotomy between friend and enemy. The concept has nothing to do with good or bad, or conventional morality. He who is different is the enemy; he is the enemy because he is different. Regardless of whether the enemy is within or outside of the political community, the community ought to employ force to eliminate the enemy. Peace cannot prevail while the enemy still exists. Was it any wonder that Schmitt was heralded as "the Nazis' Crown Jurist"?

Schmitt, like his master, Hobbes, re-



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pudiated the ancient "natural law" tradition. Clearly, his embrace of Leviathan in the name of community should profoundly disturb conservatives. As Frank S. Meyer repeatedly noted in this journal, the political end of man is freedom; the end of man as man is virtue. State attempts to create a virtuous society will result in what Eric Voegelin termed a "Gnostic Revolution." The depravity of this century should stand as vivid testimony to those who wish to "transfigure man and society."

*Dave Franklin*
*St. Paul, Minn.*

### Mr. Gottfried Replies

Schmitt does argue explicitly in "The Concept of the Political" that "as long as a people exists in the political sphere, it must be able to enforce the distinction between friend and enemy." But as Julien Freund points out, this crucial distinction was applicable, in Schmitt's own words, only "in extreme situations" and was never seen as a warrant to exterminate foreign and domestic enemies. Schmitt added the further qualification that political confrontations need not take the form of shooting wars. What he did deny is that nation-states can exist which cease to make distinctions between friends and enemies.

Frank Meyer's work cannot be used to discredit Schmitt. Meyer and Schmitt were struck by different symptoms of the modern political predicament, as representatives of different political traditions. Meyer criticized the welfare state as a threat to both Anglo-American liberties and Judaeo-Christian values; Schmitt was reacting to the drift into political impotence of modern liberal democracy. One sign of this impotence that Schmitt observed in the early Thirties was the Weimar Republic's failure to deal decisively with Nazi violence. His published remarks to this effect may help explain his submissiveness in relation to Hitler after January 1933.

### Not in Our Stars . . .

Brian Crozier, in his September 25 column, blames the U.S.'s inability to act with "brutal simplicity and/or duplicity" on "its very nature" and "an increasingly unworkable Constitution." Neither is the true reason. The "clean hands" syndrome is a failing, not of basic American mores, and certainly not of the Constitution, but of twentieth-century intellectuals. It was Woodrow Wilson (of Princeton) who inflicted the League of Nations on innocent Europe, and similar eloquent idiots who gave us today's internationalism. This philosopy has infected our elites first, and worst; under any other form of government, the situation would be worse.

This problem does seem endemic to democracies; Athens at her height was brought low by her own pious elites. To quote her wise, defamed Cleon:

> We should realize that a city is better off with bad laws, so long as they remain fixed, than with good laws that are constantly being altered, that lack of learning combined with sound common sense is more helpful than the kind of cleverness that gets out of hand, and that as a general rule states are better governed by the man in the street than by intellectuals. These are the sort of people who want to appear wiser than the laws, who want to get their own way in every general discussion, because they feel that they cannot show off their intelligence in matters of greater importance, and who, as a result, very often bring ruin on their country. [Thucydides, III, 37, translated by Rex Warner.]

*Fred Campano*
*Darien, Conn.*


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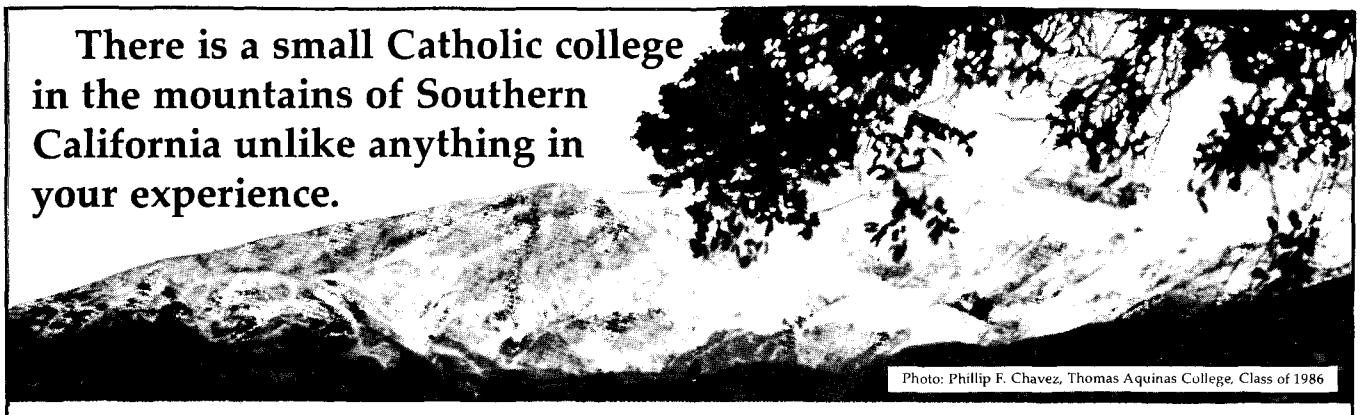

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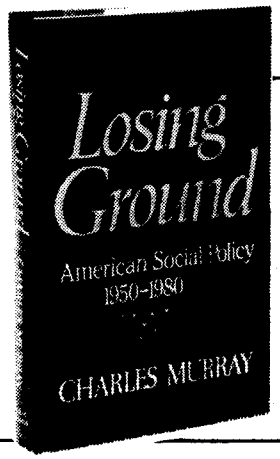


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# *LOSING GROUND* IGNITES NATIONAL DEBATE ON SOCIAL-WELFARE POLICY

New York City—Charles Murray's *Losing Ground: American Social Policy 1950-1980* has sent social scientists and policymakers on the left and right scrambling for data to support or rebut the book's thesis that government anti-poverty programs have hurt more than helped the poor. *Losing Ground* has succeeded in triggering one of the hottest debates of the 1980s.

Most significant is how the book has shifted the debate. The advocates of poverty programs who have defended them against budget cuts now find themselves arguing not how best to use federal dollars but if helping the poor is a proper function of government.

"Nothing more important than Charles Murray's work has come along in recent years," said Michael Horowitz, counsel to the Office of Management and Budget, "and his role as a morally credible spokesman for the conservative side of the debate has opened up the dialogue. Everybody who disagrees with him disagrees respectfully."

## *LOSING GROUND* WINS WHITE HOUSE SUPPORT

White House aides credit *Losing Ground* as one of the Reagan Administration's main sources of inspiration for restructuring social welfare policy. President Reagan echoed a Murray theme in a State of the Union address saying, "Policies that increase dependency, break up families and destroy self-responsibility are not progressive..."

Media sources, including **The Wall Street Journal**, have reported that *Losing Ground* is "considered a bible of sorts within the federal Office of Management and Budget." Its associate director, John Cogan, has stated that *Losing Ground* "is already an important part of the policymakers' thinking."

## LBJ SYMPOSIUM CENTERS ON *LOSING GROUND*

Austin—As reported in *The Washington Post*, the Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs symposium, "The Great Society: A Twenty Year Critique," became a debate that seemed more preoccupied with critiquing *Losing Ground* than with the social reforms of the mid 1960s.

Charles Murray was one of several scholars and former government officials invited to participate in the 2-day conference held at the University of Texas in Austin.

## THE MEDIA DEBATE RAGES ON

- "Charles Murray's *Losing Ground* is the most influential presentation of the radical view that government can best help the poor by leaving them to their own devices." CHICAGO SUN TIMES
- "Murray's ideas about remedying the plight of the poor are unresponsive, unkind and unsafe." BUSINESS WEEK
- "...thoughtful, controversial book...any discussion of future social policy will have to take (Murray's) evidence into account." THE WASHINGTON POST
- "attractive on the surface...based largely on clever statistical distortion." NEWSDAY
- "Murray is essentially right. We cannot reduce poverty simply by being generous. Ultimately, only economic growth and individual effort will suffice." NEWSWEEK
- "...Murray has, in the service of a radical political agenda, consistently omitted or concealed critical facts and research findings that do not support his case." THE NEW REPUBLIC
- "Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions (of social policy) well into the 1980's." THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
- "A closet Social Darwinist ideology." BALTIMORE SUN
- "...forms the intellectual underpinnings for assualts upon social programs currently underway in Washington." U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT

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# THE STORY BEHIND RECENT HEADLINES

What do the following major front-page news events of the past year have in common?

- The loss of 31 lives aboard the U.S.S. Stark, attacked accidentally by an Iraqi warplane.
- The U.S. reflagging and escorting of Kuwaiti ships in the Persian Gulf.
- The staggering U.S. trade deficit, which reached its highest point in history this year.

The answer is oil. All of these events resulted in large part from our heavy dependence on foreign oil. Yet despite all the attention to these symptoms, we are not attacking the disease of foreign oil dependence itself. Instead we're becoming more hooked on it.

### The Problem With Oil

The major oil problem is that most of the world's supply belongs to other countries.

- Almost two-thirds of the world's proven oil reserves lie under the nations of the Persian Gulf.
- The U.S. controls only about 4.6 percent of the world's oil reserves, but we still use more than 25 percent of the world's annual production.
- From 1976 to 1986, we paid $640 billion for foreign oil, or about one-fourth the cost of all our imports.
- Last year the U.S. imported 6 million barrels of oil per day, an increase of more than 1 million barrels per day over 1985.

### The Electric Solution

The solution to our growing oil addiction is the same as it was after the 1973/74 Arab oil embargo – to use energy more efficiently and to turn to more electricity generated by our own abundant sources.

Since the embargo, electricity has helped us cut the use of foreign oil and, at the same time, has fueled our economic recovery and growth. Heavy industries, businesses, and even homes are turning away from burning oil to increased reliance on electric systems.

Society is in a transition from an age dominated by oil to an age of electricity. In 1986 we used almost 40 percent more electricity than we did in 1973. This past summer, utilities across the country reported record electric usage they had not expected for years to come. Those new supplies of electricity have come almost entirely from coal and nuclear energy.

### The Role of Nuclear Energy

Nuclear energy is now the second largest source of our electricity after coal. In just 30 years, more than 100 nuclear power plants have been licensed to operate in 32 states. As these plants were switched on, older plants, mainly using oil, were set aside for backup service. In 1986, our nuclear plants produced the electricity equivalent of 2 million barrels of oil a day.

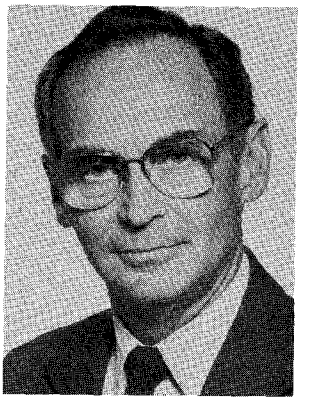
With 13 plants still being built, nuclear energy will be the nation's fastest growing source of electricity for the rest of this decade. And public attitude research indicates the American public is counting on nuclear energy – 80 percent believe nuclear energy will be important in meeting our electricity needs in the years ahead, and 77 percent believe our need for nuclear energy will grow.

But nuclear energy's future growth is in doubt. Financial, political and regulatory uncertainties are preventing utilities from planning any new baseload power plants. At its current growth rate, electricity demand will overtake our reliable supplies in the early 1990s. So we should be planning new electric plants now. But with very few exceptions, we are not.

What will happen? First, we will be forced to switch back on the old oil-fired plants which our coal and nuclear electric generation had pushed into standby service. Then, utilities will order and build the plants that can be put up fastest and cheapest – which means even greater use of oil and more expensive electricity because of high fuel costs.

As a result, we are headed toward greater dependence on foreign oil during the time when international tensions over oil are higher than ever.

Coal and nuclear energy baseload power plants, by themselves, may not solve the tensions in the Mideast and other oil-related problems. But they helped us and the rest of the world overcome the energy crises of the 1970s, and they can help prevent even more economic and also military crises in the 1990s and beyond – crises that will inevitably occur if the world continues competing for Persian Gulf oil instead of turning to the alternatives that are at hand. The result could mean a Persian Gulf stranglehold on U.S. economic strength and on our security.



Harold B. Finger
*President and Chief Executive Officer*
*U.S. Council For Energy Awareness*

*A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.*

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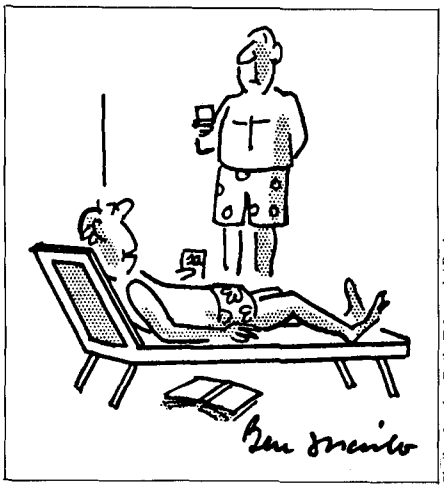
# FOR THE RECORD

The spotlight turned to 1988 last week as **George Bush** officially entered presidential race (former **Reagan** speechwriter **Peggy Noonan** helped craft his announcement) despite which *New York Times* carried bulk of story on page 33, confining page 1 coverage to pix. . . . *New York Daily News* headline was: BUSH OUT TO EMULATE VAN BUREN (Martin Van Buren was last Veep to succeed to Presidency, in 1836). Bush got immediate endorsement of Illinois Gov. **James Thompson**, but story was overshadowed by word that Labor Sec. **William Brock** was resigning to run **Robert Dole** campaign. Dole also got official backing of New Hampshire Sen. **Warren Rudman**, though Sen. **Gordon Humphrey** backs Kemp and Gov. **John Sununu** is for Bush. . . . Still, recent *Atlantic Constitution* poll in 12 Southern states shows Bush leading handily in region, with 46 per cent support to 19 for Dole. . . . In face-to-face matchups (ABC/*Washington Post*) both Dole and Bush show up well against Democratic front-runners. It's Bush 61 per cent to **Dukakis** 29; Bush 63 to **Jackson** 28. It's Dole 60 per cent to Dukakis 27, and Dole 63 to Jackson 28. . . . Same poll came up with this interesting datum: In June, by a 48 per cent to 35 per cent plurality, voters favored a Democratic President in '88; by September, figures had changed: a Republican was preferred, 44 to 40 per cent. . . . **Jack Kemp**, meanwhile, took stage center with dramatic announcement that he would spend $50,000 in campaign funds to run four 30-second pro-**Robert Bork** ads on CNN. "Kemp," says his press secretary **John Buckley**, "was personally outraged by the way Bork has been lynched." If he should become President and have opportunity to do so, Kemp says, he will nominate Bork again.



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

*"An honors degree at Oxford, then a doctorate, a training course with a chartered accountant, followed by business school studies in the U.K. and at Harvard, which brought me up to retirement."*

Democrats continue to have problems: *Atlanta Constitution* poll of 12 Southern states shows "Don't know," at 29 per cent, still leading (to question: What Democrat do you prefer in '88?). Jackson places second, 27 per cent, **Albert Gore** third, 13 per cent. No other Democrat is in double digits. . . . More Americans, according to *L. A. Times*, have a favorable view of **Mikhail Gorbachev** than of Democratic candidates. . . . In New York, Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** suggests **Mario Cuomo**, Sen. **Bill Bradley**, and either Gov. **William O'Neill** or Sen. **Christopher Dodd** (of Conn.) should run as favorite sons to keep race open until the Atlanta convention. . . . Dukakis seems to have survived the **Biden** plagiarism tape episode, but his campaign has been badly hurt by forced resignation of campaign manager **John Sasso**. His departure leaves the campaign like a "tent without a pole," says U. of Mass. professor **Ralph Whitehead**, a former Dukakis advisor. . . . Sen. Gore, striving to draw a line between himself and his rivals, has come out in support of strong defense, Grenada, Libya, etc. In another area Gore is less bellicose than fellow candidates. To **Ted Koppel** question: Should U.S. eventually support opposition forces in South Africa with arms? **Richard Gephardt** replied: "I can see a situation when that might be something we might get ourselves involved in." Dukakis could not "rule [it] out completely," Jackson saw it only as "a last resort." To Gore, it was "simply not on the agenda."

Good and mad: Education Sec. **William Bennett** has let it be known that GOP senators who vote nay on Bork will get no help from him when they run again. . . . "I've voted for liberal judges before. That will never happen again," says Sen. **Jake Garn** (Utah). "If they win on Bork, there will never be another liberal judge as long as I'm in the Senate. The whole damned Senate will be tied up." . . . It might not have been lost, thinks New Right leader **Richard Viguerie**, and blames the White House. "The liberals framed the debate and put Bork on the defensive. They out-organized, outthought, and out-politicked **Howard Baker**." . . . Fallout from '86 note: **Harry Reid** (D., Nev.) was 54th senator to announce against Bork and last of the eight freshman Democrats who replaced Republicans in the Senate to do so. That's a swing of 16 votes Bork should have won. . . . It's not only Bork. Last week Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee (Chairman **Edward Kennedy**) killed nomination of conservative **Charles Moser** to National Endowment for the Humanities. Kennedy says intensive campaign against Moser by National Education Association, People for the American Way, and National Humanities Alliance (groups that went after Bork in a big way) was decisive in defeating Moser. . . . A year earlier same groups blocked nomination of another conservative, Professor **Anthony Bouscaren**.

Quoted in *Liberation Bulletin*, the following statement by **Nelba Blandon**, director of censorship of Sandinista Interior Ministry, some time back: "They [*La Prensa*] accused us of suppressing freedom of expression. This was a lie and we could not let them publish it."



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# THE WEEK

☐ Only one person was killed, and five injured, at an anti-crime concert in New York.

☐ The Reagan Administration is once again looking in all the wrong places for a new chairman for the Council of Economic Advisors. They need look no further than the Council itself, and Council member Thomas Gale Moore. Moore is an effective advocate of both free markets and limited government. Unlike the Reagan Administration's first two CEA chairmen, who spent most of their time criticizing the Administration's obviously effective policies, Moore doesn't see any reason to apologize for success. As the economic record becomes increasingly distorted by political rhetoric, it is more important than ever that President Reagan have one of his strongest supporters at the head of his economic team.

☐ Russell Clark, the federal district judge in charge of desegregating the Kansas City school system, has issued a ukase raising property taxes and state income taxes collected locally. The reason: contumacious voters refused to pay for teacher salary increases and magnet schools the judge had previously ordered, to make the public school system more attractive. So let's see. The Fourteenth Amendment, which modifies the Constitution which is the fundamental law of the nation created by the revolution which was fought to maintain the principle of no taxation without representation, is now interpreted to require taxation without representation. If Kansas City had a harbor, they could throw some tea in it, if they had some tea. Call your office, Senator Biden, we've got a nominee for you.

☐ The stinkbombs released by the *Wall Street Journal* article arguing that Yale has become a hotbed of homosexuality (see "The Ivory Foxhole," *NR* October 9) continue to blow. Startled Old Blues have asked president Benno Schmidt to say it ain't so, which leaves Schmidt in a bind. He must simultaneously 1) say that the account is untrue, lest fund-raising suffer; yet 2) not say that it would be a bad thing if it *were* true, lest campus gays lower the boom on him. So far, he has bridged the gap by arguing that if any minority were grossly over-represented, Yale's "diversity" would suffer (whew! a close call). Also by pointing out that the fact that hundreds of people attend campus homosexual dances means nothing; why, lots of straights go, including Schmidt himself. How's that for the decadence of the liberal paradigm? There used to be others. "You'll hear a good deal of talk inside the college, and out of it, too, about the system. It has its faults. But it's the best system there is, and it makes Yale what it is today. It makes fellows get out and work, it gives them ambitions, stops loafing and going to seed, and keeps a pretty good, clean, temperate atmosphere about the place."—Owen Johnson, *Stover at Yale* (1911).

☐ Interior Secretary Don Hodel is floating the idea of recapturing the Hetch Hetchy Valley, which currently lies buried under San Francisco's water supply. Sixty years ago, the Tuolumne River (which flows through the once-spectacular canyon) was dammed to create a reservoir that now serves glacially-pure water to two million people in the Bay Area. Hodel wants to drain the valley, reclaiming its scenic beauty for the national park system. The response of San Francisco's environment-conscious elite? Not with *my* water you don't. Which goes to show that in politics, it's all a question of who's dam gets gored.

☐ Canada and the United States, which conduct by far the greatest volume of trade between any two nations, have boldly negotiated an historic free-trade pact. The agreement sets a terrific example for upcoming negotiations under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. In marked contrast to congressional threats to make imports scarce and expensive, the Canada-U.S. pact moves in the opposite direction—

## It's Upsetting

The State Department wants to ban
The Russians from Afghanistan,
While tippy-toeing to abet
The Chinese conquest of Tibet,
Which may explain why, in Hong Kong,
They're too distraught to play mah-jongg.

W. H. von Dreele



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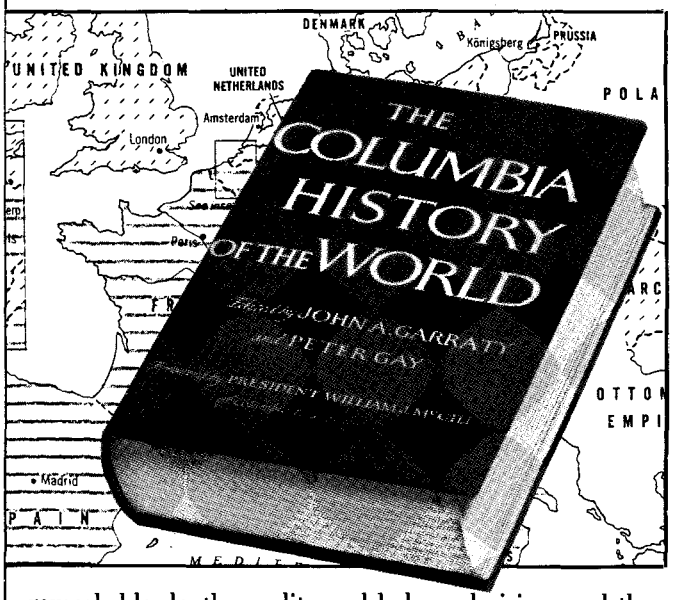


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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

REVERSALS OF fortune are sudden in Washington, but Robert Bork's confirmation battle has taken so many twists and turns that even insiders are having a hard time keeping track.

First there was President Reagan's insistence on clinging to Bork, saying "over my dead body" when asked whether Bork's nomination would be withdrawn. Next came a cascade of White House leaks suggesting Bork should withdraw, seemingly re-enforced when the President said of the embattled judge, "It's his decision."

A few days later Bork, Baker, and the President met at the White House. Creditable sources report that a loud exchange dominated the proceedings, with Bork's decision to demand a full Senate vote leaving both Reagan and Baker feeling helpless, if not betrayed. The judge, for his part, feels semi-betrayed by the President and his staff, we hear. He believes they botched the nomination strategy, treating it as a matter for gentlemanly consultation with Senate Democrats rather than the free-for-all public-relations war it became.

Thus the stage is set for a recriminating debate over who lost the Bork nomination. Conservatives will blame Baker pragmatists for presenting Bork as a moderate jurist *sotto voce*, while his opponents were calling him an extremist at high decibels.

Pragmatists will say that Bork was a poor nominee to start with, echoing the "blame-the-victim" line that Tom Griscom (now White House communications director, formerly Republican Senatorial Committee executive director) used to explain the GOP's ignominious loss of the Senate in 1986. Political strategists will blame Democrats and Republican turncoat senators who abandoned Reagan. (In many states, of course, Democrats will be pleased to take credit for stopping the Frankenstein created by their own public relations machine.)

Who was really hurt by the Bork affair of the summer and fall of 1987? Howard Baker.

Any hope Baker might have held for the Presidency, however farfetched, was capsized by Bork. At the time of his appointment, Baker was a bitter pill for the Republican Right. Now he is poison. Republican moderates and pragmatists, meanwhile, no longer see Baker as the respected Republican insider. After Bork, Baker is the emperor without clothes.

Why, after all, are pragmatists like Howard Baker valued? Because of the presumption that they will be effective. But Baker can no longer ride on that presumption. His revenge? The shockingly ill-timed assertion before the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association on October 12 (even as President Reagan was urging an early positive vote on Bork in the full Senate), to wit, "I'm sorry he's not going to make it."

Hart, Biden, Dukakis—now Pat Robertson. The Virginia televangelist joins the bloating litany of would-be Presidents "revealed" by the press. The discovery that Robertson misrepresented his wedding date to conceal the fact that his first son was conceived seven months before wedlock would, at first blush (so to speak), wound the minister where it hurt most—morality being a big component of the Robertson persona, inasmuch as Pat's followers are largely fundamentalist Christians.

Yet most political strategists here don't believe the new information will hurt Robertson. "After all, his supporters aren't political people," says a Republican analyst. "They'll rationalize Pat's past, because they have an agenda and no other candidate fits it."

Even if disclosures about Robertson's past don't soften his grass-roots support, they may hurt him elsewhere. The Virginia preacher has brought a libel suit against former Representative Pete McCloskey for alleging that Robertson used the influence of his father, then a U.S. senator, to avoid combat duty. Since it has now come to light that Robertson has "imprecisely" (his word) recounted aspects of his past—education record, community service, personal life—jurors may look skeptically on Robertson's testimony when (and if) his suit goes to trial on March 8—Super Tuesday. —CATO

making it much easier for U.S. firms to do business in Canada in exchange for similar relaxation of U.S. barriers to Canadian goods. Those who see free and open competition as a threat rather than an opportunity are sure to lobby both the Canadian Parliament and the U.S. Congress to maintain the status quo. Lest they get away with it, let it be noted that what legislators in either country who wish to protect companies against competition are doing is proposing to tax their own consumers in order to subsidize inefficient businesses.

☐ The redoubtable Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* has been saying remarkable things lately. The comments, mostly forgettable, of the President, Senator Hatch, and the *Wall Street Journal* "are among the ugliest and most destructive our politics has suffered for a long time." What a sentence, considering the mudballs flung at Bork by the Party of Compassion. Our only comment on this must be that Mr. Lewis has so internalized, even been possessed by, the leftist agenda that he genuinely believes any dissent from it or resistance to it to be ugly and destructive.

☐ In an unprecedented step for a Communist country, Hungary announced that it will shortly lift all restrictions on travel abroad. The international press will no doubt see in this signs of blossoming glasnost in Budapest. Sources who are intimate with the situation in Hungary, however, report that the regime's real motive is to provide a safety valve against possible unrest triggered by a deterioriating economic situation. Potential dissidents will flee the country, while ordinary citizens obtain a little economic relief by buying Western goods abroad. The step itself is welcome from the viewpoint of basic human rights, but the motivation that led to it is a commentary on a system that persists in not working.



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☐ The Soviet Union will shortly commence the celebration of the seventieth anniversary of its 1917 October Revolution, a ghastly episode in human history, in which the Bolshevik faction under Lenin and Trotsky overthrew not the Czar, of course, but the parliamentary government of Kerensky. Since then, effectively, the Soviet regime has been at war with democracies everywhere. But, as even Gorbachev may realize, the whole thing has been an astounding fiasco. We await evidence of the extent of his reforms and their direction, and are genuinely open-minded. Meanwhile, we are not toasting the October Revolution, the Finland Station, Stalin, or even Lysenko. The October Revolution was a disaster for the Russians and their satellites, not to mention the rest of us.

☐ It took blood, a lot of it, to bring the plight of Tibet to the forefront of world consciousness. For thirty years the Chinese have had their way in Tibet, expelling its leaders, destroying its temples, enslaving its people. At times it seemed that only Lowell Thomas cared. With the death of Mao, the harshness of the Chinese rule was mitigated. A few Buddhist temples were allowed to reopen, many Tibetans returned from exile, and the country was even opened up to tourists. The current crisis erupted when, to protest an invitation to the Dalai Lama to testify before Congress, Chinese authorities staged a public rally in Lhasa at which a Tibetan dissident was executed. The Tibetans responded by anti-Chinese demonstrations. Shots were fired, 14 Tibetans killed. Riot police moved in and nosy Western tourists and journalists were expelled. What is happening in Tibet now, no one knows, and pretty soon no one will care.

☐ Reports that Cuba has a major AIDS problem have recently been confirmed by the testimony of two high-ranking Cuban defectors. The disease—transmitted heterosexually as well—was brought back to Cuba by soldiers who have served in Angola (over the years nearly half a million young Cubans have been stationed in Angola). But AIDS—in Cuba—is hush-hush. When a Cuban is diagnosed with AIDS the police move in and the afflicted is removed to a hospital-prison compound where he becomes a non-person. Socialists are wonderfully efficient in dealing with certain problems. Mao's solution was even simpler: homosexuals were executed.

☐ Virginia is selling the Virginia State Penitentiary, no penitents included, those having disappeared about one minute after the do-gooders of another age invented them.

☐ Young Mathias Rust has been sentenced to four years in the Gulag, and his Cessna presumably confiscated for Soviet study of "Stealth" technology. There are many mutterings that Rust will be given amnesty. Remember the little moron who hit himself on the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped?

☐ Iran vows fearsome retribution on us after one of its ships was interrupted laying large, crude, spherical, man-made devices with prongs, designed to explode when hit by a ship and sink same, which is what the Iranians call "foodstuffs."

☐ Out of the jurisprudential frontiers, a queer chap in the acting business says his constitutional rights have been trashed because his high school reunion album didn't publish a photo of him and his "lover," another queer chap. Things being what they are these days, traditional means of retribution, such as scratching their eyes out, did not occur to the aggrieved. He, if one may put it so, sued.

## Dwarfism: A Diagnosis

FOR A MOMENT there, the Democratic presidential race, which has been most distinguished for its *faux pas*, looked as if it was about to generate an interesting fight. No such luck.

Albert Gore Jr., a liberal senator from Tennessee, sought to break out of the pack by running to its right. At candidate forums in Des Moines and Washington, he supported the in-flight testing of missiles and the American presence in the Persian Gulf. He also let it be known that he had backed the bombing of Libya and the liberation of Grenada.

His fellow Democrats responded, with some justice, that there was less here than met the eye. On all the most controversial defense and foreign policy issues of recent years, they and Gore stand together: against SDI, against meaningful aid to the Contras.

But that's not all they said. "I don't think it helps any of us to be knifing each other," said Senator Paul Simon. "You're getting intemperate in your use of adjectives," said former governor Bruce Babbitt. Jesse Jackson loftily suggested that Gore was outside the "mainstream" of his party.

This is a snapshot of liberalism in debate: a conspiracy of silence enforced by bitchery. All positions on all issues are settled beforehand. Disagreement is, at best, bad manners; at worst, extremism beyond the "mainstream." Judge Bork will recognize the technique.

This explains the blandness and inanity of the Democratic presidential contest so far—traits which also characterized the nomination struggle four years ago. Where all agree, all must seem puny. The only Democrat who stands out in any way is Jackson—not because he deviates from the party line, but because he delivers it in blackface. Race, however inappropri-



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ate as a political category, is a reality. Thus Jackson reaps real support, which has enabled him to weather scandals—Hymietown and Farrakhan, fawning on Castro, lying about the circumstances of Martin Luther King's death, allegations of sexual straying, sloppy bookkeeping at PUSH—far more serious than those that blew away the weightless Joe Biden.

The other cleric who recently announced his candidacy, Pat Robertson, has been subjected to his own slew of damaging revelations—a child conceived out of wedlock, stretchers in his résumé. He will survive these, for kindred reasons. He appeals to a mobilized community (united, in his case, by a shared moral perspective), which will stay mobilized when clouds cover his sun.

It is worth noting that all the candidates in the Republican field, either because of strong issue commitments or definite political personalities established over a number of years, are weightier, more *sérieux*, than their Democratic counterparts. (The only previously unknown GOP factor, former governor Pierre du Pont, has taken some of the most startling positions of any politician in recent memory, daring even to use the S words—Social Security—in public.) No one has called them dwarfs. The Gore-bashers might take a leaf out of the Republican book.

## The Bork Disaster

IT WAS A political catastrophe, and there is a lot to say about the Bork affair. No doubt you have already said it yourself.

The campaign against him was the most disreputable within living political memory, Judge Bork portrayed as "frightening," an avatar of coat-hanger abortions, segregated lunch counters, and storm troopers kicking in the door at night. After the nomination by the President, the tone of the campaign was set immediately by such guardians of public virtue as Senators Biden and Kennedy.

The entire Left came together in unity against Bork, an impressive display, in its ugly, demagogic way: from the respectable Left (*New York Times*, *Washington Post*) to the far end, across the board: Ralph Nader, Planned Parenthood, the AFL-CIO, the ACLU, the NAACP, NOW, the gay rights people and the organized artists, *The Nation*, People for the American Way, Joanne Woodward and Ed Asner, the Democratic Socialists of America, and the *People's Daily World*. Was Daniel Ortega against Bork? Only Angela Davis was not heard from on the issue.

All of which suggests that since Ronald Reagan's election in 1980 the political Right has grown complacent. The Left lives, its infrastructure in place. When it came together against Bork, it put more than ten million dollars on the line and bent the U.S. Senate to its will. When you carry 49 states, you think you have the political edge: an understandable illusion. But politics is ultimately local, with most Senate contests decided in the five percentage-point range. There the intensity factor is decisive. The Left has demonstrated dramatically that it has the marginal electoral power to pull the plug on wavering Democratic politicians, no matter how nominally moderate or even conservative they may be. Without that kind of power, can you imagine a relatively sober citizen like Senator Bill Bradley coming out against a perfectly respectable nominee like Bork? Or—can you believe it—Al D'Amato, who owes his election to the Conservative Party of New York, dithering on whether he could back Bork?

On the pro-Bork side, there is plenty of blame to go around, not excluding Bork himself. Like it or not, this is a television age, and on TV he flunked. The legal precision appropriate to a law school seminar might open well in New Haven, but it bombed in the big time, never mind that Bork was intellectually the winner on every point. But this was not a PhD oral examination. It was political theater, and anyone who comes forward had better understand that. As Joe Biden so aphoristically put it, if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

The White House was out to lunch. Where were the high-powered nationwide TV shows, one of them featuring six big-city police chiefs supporting Bork on the crime issue? The TV spots, with one woman after another saying, "I was mugged three times last week. I support Bob Bork. The most important woman's right is the right to walk safely down the street"? Instead the Republican master strategists let themselves be trapped in absurd debates about whether, under Emperor Bork, you would be able to buy condoms in Connecticut. The Republican National Committee is suffocating in cash. Why didn't the Republicans match the Left? Answer: because they are inert, and lacking in intelligent direction.

There are other good Supreme Court possibilities. But it's not morning in America, baby. It's hard-ball time.

## The Gay Rights Hobble

HOMOSEXUALS FROM across the nation converged last week on Washington in a show of political and emotional force. Organizers claimed 500,000; police estimated 200,000; so probably there were 100,000—still, a huge number.

The affair had a strangely double-barreled quality, reflecting the ups and downs of the homosexual movement. In the beginning—the end of the 1970s—homosexual activists sought to model themselves on previous "civil rights" movements. Gay leaders employed all the by-then-standard tropes and tactics of oppressed groups seeking corporate restitution, including holo-



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caust hitch-hiking (pink triangles taking the place of yellow stars of David).

Then came AIDS. Male homosexuals, who at least in America exchanged bodily fluids more rapidly than any other group except needle-users, suffered in large numbers; homosexuality and the disease became inextricably linked in the public mind. Homosexual activists were faced with two not easily reconcilable tasks: to depict AIDS as another suffering situation, the last and worst example of straight oppression; and, at the same time, to sever the connection between homosexuality and AIDS (hence, the oft-expressed hope—it can only be called that—that AIDS will mushroom among heterosexuals: an event which has not yet occurred, though given the long incubation period of the disease, it may yet).

Homosexual activism is concerned with several things at once, maybe too many. This is one force that may have peaked.

## Kissinger and INF

In the October 12 *Newsweek*, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger published an important essay, perhaps even an historic one. Its underlying message was that we are at the end of the post-World War II era and that we had better be prepared for the most sophisticated kind of military and political chess. For almost half a century now, war between the major powers has been deterred by the existence of nuclear weapons and their intercontinental delivery systems. But the period of Mutual Assured Destruction, or deterrence, may be coming to an end, overtaken by both politics and new technology.

The signing of the INF treaty now seems imminent, complete with a Reagan-Gorbachev summit. The Treaty now resembles a boulder rolling downhill and gathering speed. The popular mind, when it thinks at all, believes that any reduction in nuclear warheads represents an increase in safety. Responsible analysis might well suggest the reverse.

But Mr. Kissinger is squarely on the mark when he discusses the changing military and political implications of the INF treaty. Western Europe will be in a much weakened strategic position, and have to face—or not face—its own responsibility for its conventional/nuclear response to the power deployed against it from the East.

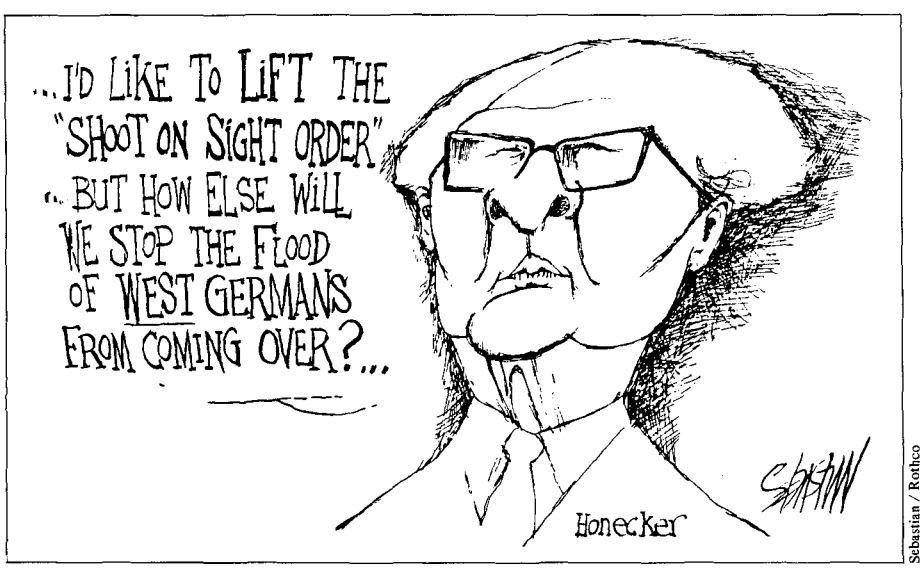
Much more than arithmetic is involved here, more than the numbers of nuclear weapons deployed by the Soviets or by us. On the political up side, Margaret Thatcher's intuition that Gorbachev is really something new and that the Soviet Union may be changing deserves at least some respect. On the down side, we are giving the Soviets and their colonial allies a huge strategic advantage in the most vital area of the globe outside our own territory. We have also, politically, damaged the prospects of SDI.

Mr. Kissinger's analysis leads us to foresee a period of great political and military turmoil, perhaps inevitable as the post-World War II era comes to a close, and the conclusion is obvious: the Western will had better be up to it.

## Golden Promise

Every country's credit rating, although invisible, is nonetheless precious, affecting the nation's ability to finance public and private capital investments without debasing the currency. In today's world, with enormous uncertainties about future political developments, Mideast turmoil, and trade war, it has become difficult for any country to sell long-term bonds except at interest rates well above the inflation rate.

Treasury Secretary James Baker has greatly elevated the discussion of how to restore long-term confidence in the value of major currencies, so that long-term interest rates can return to their historic norm of about 4 to 5 per cent. His new proposal is that major central banks should mainly focus on stabilizing an index of "commodity prices, including gold." If commodity prices were soaring in American dollars, as they have not been in recent months, then a general inflation would not be far behind. In that situation, Mr. Baker's rule says, the Federal Reserve should tighten up on the supply of bank reserves. Conversely if commodity prices are falling in German marks—as they have been—that suggests that money is unduly scarce in that country; people have to liquidate goods to get cash.



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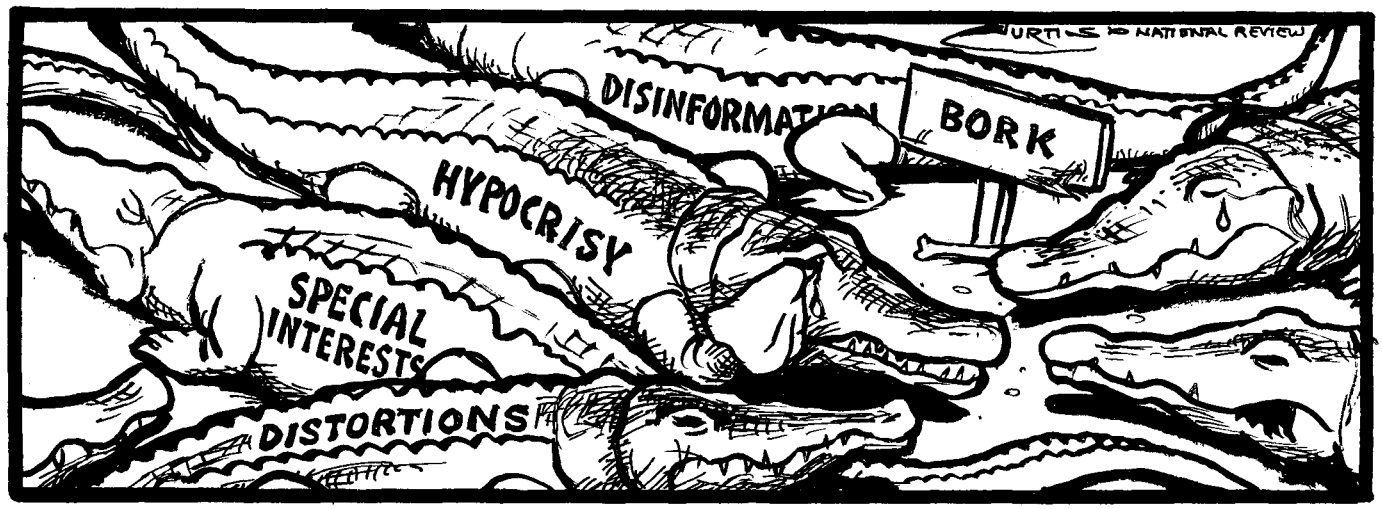


*"Remember, guys, we're also the party of compassion."*

Secretary Baker's idea of linking monetary policy to sensitive prices has already drawn favorable comment from officials in England and France. It could eventually form the anchor for a major international monetary reform, making it virtually impossible to repeat either the world inflations of 1972-74 or 1978-80, or the abrupt monetary squeeze of 1981-82.

The immediate importance of Secretary Baker's proposal, however, is to answer the question of who should do what if the dollar falls. Should the Fed tighten or the Bundesbank and Bank of Japan ease? Both Germany and Japan are somehow surprised that world investors want to hold more of their bank deposits in marks or yen when those currencies are going up. They therefore worry that their money supply has risen faster than that of the U.S., though it may well be that the demand for their money has risen faster still. The Baker proposal provides a potential answer. If the prices of gold and other sensitive commodities are not rising in terms of marks and yen, as they certainly are not, then there is no reason for Germany and Japan to be making money scarce and pushing short-term interest rates higher. It is never easy to hold central bankers accountable for their actions, but Secretary Baker is at least offering an objective standard by which we can discover an early warning of major blunders.

## Mexican Hayride

INFLATION IS over 100 per cent, the foreign debt tops $100 billion, purchasing power is down 40 per cent in five years. Forget it. Carlos Salinas de Gortari, candidate for Mexico's presidency, is a shoo-in, even though he is the nominee of the Funny Money party responsible for the mess.

Fox sixty years the designee of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) has won the presidential election. He is hand-picked by his predecessor (in this case, Miguel de la Madrid), and vouchsafed to the faithful. There ensues a great hoop-de-doo: rallies, demonstrations, banners, posters, campaign speeches. None of which makes any difference. By hook and, yes, by crook, the election was settled the day de la Madrid made his choice.

Granted, Mexico's conservative party, the National Action Party (PAN), has shown considerable strength in the past year and came as close as the PRI would permit to winning a couple of mayoral elections in the north. Labor is restive. De la Madrid's austerity program, which Salinas is expected to carry through when he ascends to office, has caused great suffering among the poor and lower middle classes, who are squeezed between rising prices and a falling peso. Within the PRI itself the old pols have had to give ground to technocrats, and many of those opposed Salinas's appointment. Complaints are leveled at the system from all sides, but it amounts to letting off steam. There's no sign that Mexico is ready to give its people a presidential choice, not an echo.

## Silenced

RADIO FREE EUROPE/Radio Liberty and the Voice of America are planning to build a joint transmitting station in Israel's Negev Desert. President Reagan personally presided over a ceremony in June at which the United States and Israel signed an agreement on construction of this relay station.

When completed, the U.S. transmitting facility in Israel will be the largest short-wave relay station in the free world and the linchpin of the Reagan Administration's efforts to strengthen America's influence in the war of ideas throughout the world. For one thing, the station will enable Radio Liberty to overwhelm Soviet jamming in much of European Russia and in the strategically significant Moslem areas of Soviet Central Asia.



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Regrettably, funding for this project may now be postponed owing to objections from the State Department. The green eye-shade types in Foggy Bottom evidently fear that the Israel project may compete with State Department priorities in the battle for funding on Capitol Hill. Columnist William Safire claims that George Shultz himself supports postponing the project—not on budgetary grounds, but to do a favor for the Soviets that will conduce to pre-Summit euphoria. (Soviet Foreign Minister Shevardnadze is reported to have raised vigorous objections about the Israel project in a meeting with Shultz earlier this year.)

Whatever the State Department's motives, this is clearly a time when the President should overrule the Department. The required $50 million in start-up costs can surely be found in a $20 billion foreign-affairs budget. If the project is not launched and gotten solidly under way while President Reagan is still in office, the risk increases that it will be postponed indefinitely, which is to say, canceled. The President personally intervened with Prime Minister Peres a few years ago to persuade Israel to agree to the project. It would be a serious setback for the Administration's broadcasting efforts if it were derailed now.

## The Columbus of AIDS

GAETAN DUGAS, a handsome French-Canadian airline steward, seems to have won the honor of being the first man to bring AIDS to the American continent, according to an impressively researched new book by Randy Shilts, himself a gay, entitled *And the Band Played On* (St. Martin's). There is much that is important about this book, involving as it does the etiology of the epidemic, the ideological coverups among gay spokesmen and organizations, and federal policy.

Shilts's research has been examined, and its results confirmed, by Professor Marcus Conant of the University of California at San Francisco, who, however, advises that if Dugas had not introduced the virus here, some other homosexual undoubtedly would have.

Dugas, known to medical researchers as "Patient Zero," picked up the disease in Europe through sexual contact with Africans. Traveling on his airline-employee privileges, he spread it here from coast to coast, through sexual practices that involved some 250 partners a year. Even after he was diagnosed in 1980 as communicating a possibly fatal sexual disease, he refused to restrict his sexual activity, claiming he could do what he wanted with his own body. Toward the end he showed his bath-house sexual partners his purplish Kaposi's sarcomas. "Gay cancer. Maybe you'll get it," he would say. Dugas died in 1984.

AIDS's primary tie is to homosexuality, as one of *NR*'s editors somberly reflected while witnessing thousands of gays protesting in Washington last week. But there's more to it than that. Presumably two homosexual men, in a long-term monogamous relationship, would not be especially liable either to contract or to spread the disease. AIDS is connected with promiscuity, of the sort that figures in the sexual career of Dugas. Yet promiscuity is part of the standard behavior of a great many homosexuals, though data are sketchy.

In 1980, public health specialists were worried about the spread of such venereal diseases as gonorrhea, syphilis, and herpes—a direct result of the so-called Sexual Revolution. Medical researchers wondered what would happen if a new element were dropped into the disease equation. Now they know.

## Three Strikes, Harvard's Out

ADOLFO CALERO, the Nicaraguan resistance leader, was about to begin a speech at Harvard Law School earlier this month, when the stage was rushed by a young Marxist shouting "Death to the Contras." Calero fled out a side door. The speech, which had already been moved because of a bomb threat, was canceled by the university.

This, you can say, is the zeitgeist of the campus, and disruptions or threats of disruptions are inevitable whenever anyone to the right of Mitterrand tries to speak, and so forth, and so on. But it happens that it is possible to do something about it. In the spring of 1974, howling protesters at Yale University stopped a debate between *NR* publisher William Rusher and racist geneticist William Shockley. Whereupon the university convened a student-faculty commission, headed by historian C. Vann Woodward, which concluded that public meetings had a right to proceed in an atmosphere of basic civility. When Rusher and Shockley met again the next academic year, Yale deployed campus cops to guarantee the rematch.

Harvard has a record, and it stinks. Last spring, a mob surrounded a lecture hall in which there was a South African diplomat, who had to be led away by police. A year before that, young brown-shirts hurled eggs and fake blood at another Contra leader. Harvard has no standards, and no will to enforce order. Until it gets some, it jeopardizes its standing as a serious institution.

## Shalom, Ida Nudel

LAST WEEK Ida Nudel packed her bags and left Moscow for Israel, ending a 16-year battle with Soviet authorities. The story of the Soviets' change of heart in this matter rated one paragraph in the *Christian Science Monitor*, more than most papers gave it.



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Here's what lies behind it. In 1971, a young dark-haired Ida Nudel, made restive by overt Soviet anti-Semitism, applied for permission to emigrate to Israel. She was turned down and became a refusenik. As such, unable to make a living, she was doomed to a twilight existence on the outskirts of Soviet society. Unable to do much about her own situation, Mrs. Nudel turned her energies to prisoners of conscience in the Gulag, wrote letters, signed petitions, sent packages, became known as "the mother of prisoners."

On May 23, 1978, Ida Nudel and five other women demonstrated before the Kremlin walls. A week later her apartment was put under surveillance. On June 1, Mrs. Nudel stepped over the line of what was officially permissible. She put a placard on her balcony with an inflammatory message. It said: KGB: GIVE ME MY VISA!

Two plainclothesmen, from a balcony on one side of hers, tried to knock the sign down with flexible metal whips. Mrs. Nudel fended them off first with her hands, then brought out buckets of water, doused them, and drove them back indoors. She resorted to the water treatment again when KGB men on a balcony to her left tried to tear down the placard with long nail-spiked poles. By now a crowd had gathered in the street, watching silently from behind the barricade of KGB men and black, unmarked police cars. The plainclothesmen on the second balcony also retreated. Then, from a balcony above Mrs. Nudel's apartment, police lowered a heavy spanner at the end of a rope, and, swinging it back and forth, tore up the placard and broke the window. Ida Nudel, all five feet of her, retired—temporarily. Within minutes she was back with another placard which she put up inside the cracked windowpane. As she later wrote, "I took it down myself when night fell."

Twenty-one days later, Ida Nudel was en route to Siberia in a cattlecar, sentenced to four years of exile for the crime of "malicious hooliganism." Now, nine years later, a grey, bent Ida Nudel, her inner fires intact, is permitted to go to Israel. Shalom.

## Albert Gore, Uneasy Dwarf

He's Daddy's boy and likes to tilt
To port, while shouldering the guilt
Your average liberal piles on,
But lately he's felt put upon
By fellow dwarfs, who tend to tense
At talk of national defense,
And positively shudder when
He brings Grenada up again.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Clare Boothe Luce, R I P

I FIRST LAID eyes on her in 1948. She was delivering the Keynote Address to the Republican Convention, and she said of Henry Wallace, who was running for President on the Progressive ticket, that he was "Joe Stalin's Mortimer Snerd." They all rocked with laughter, and the critics, of course, bit her again.

I first met her at her quarters, on Fifth Avenue. She had telephoned and asked if I could come by to discuss the worsening crisis under President Diem in South Vietnam. I was there at four and she opened the door with paint brushes in one hand. I told her by all means to finish what she was doing before we got down to the problems of Southeast Asia, and so she led me happily to her atelier, but instead of herself painting, she undertook to teach me there and then how to use acrylics, launching me in a mute inglorious career. Two months later there came in the mail at my office a big manuscript pulsating with scorn and indignation over the treatment of President Diem by Washington, with special focus on Diem's sister-in-law, Madame Nhu. She called it, "The Lady's Not for Burning." I put the article on the cover of the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and had a startled call from the press editor of *Newsweek*. He wished to know how it came about that . . . Clare Boothe Luce . . . was writing for . . . NATIONAL REVIEW. I told him solemnly (I could manage a hidden smile, since we were speaking by telephone): *tous les beaux esprits se rencontrent*—roughly translated, that beautiful spirits seek each other out. The following day, President Diem and his brother, the Dragon Lady's husband, were murdered. The only happy result of that Byzantine mess, for me, was that I was never again out of touch with Clare Boothe Luce, for whom, months ago, my wife and I scheduled a dinner—at her request—to be held here, in New York, on September 29th, two weeks before she died.

I have thought a lot about her in the past few days and weeks. The last time we stayed with her in Honolulu we were met at the airport by her gardener, Tom. There were 12 of us for dinner. We were seated in her lanai, being served cocktails, while Tom was quietly lighting the outdoor gas lamps. Suddenly he fell. In minutes the ambulance arrived. Surrounded by Clare's anxious, silent guests, Tom was given artificial respiration. Clare gripped my hand and whispered to me: "Tom is going to die." There was dumb grief in her voice; and absolute finality. Two hours later, the hospital confirmed that Tom was dead. Clare said goodnight to her guests, and departed to keep the widow company.

Clare knew when an act was done. In so many respects, she was always a woman resigned.

I think back on her career . . . Look, you are a young, beautiful woman. Pearl Harbor was only yesterday, and you have spent several months poking



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about disconsolate Allied fronts in Asia and the Mideast. You have written a long analysis, cruelly objective, about Allied disorder, infinitely embarrassing to the Allies and correspondingly useful to the Axis powers. On the last leg of your journey, a sharp-eyed British customs officer in Trinidad insists on examining your papers. His eyes pass over your journal, he reads in it, snaps it shut, and calls in British security, which packs you off under house arrest. What do you do?

Well, if you are Clare Boothe Luce, you get in touch with the American consulate, and the American consulate gets a message through to your husband, Henry Luce. Mr. Luce calls General Donovan, the head of U.S. Intelligence. General Donovan arranges to appoint you *retroactively* an intelligence official of the United States Government. The British agree to let you fly to New York, and there they turn your report over to the British ambassador. He is so shaken by it that he instantly advises Winston Churchill of its contents. Churchill pauses from the war effort to cable back his regards to Clare, who meanwhile has been asked by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to brief them on her analyses, which, suitably bowdlerized, appear in successive issues of *Life* magazine and are a journalistic sensation.

Thus passeth a week in the life of the deceased.

The excitement and the glamor, the distinctions and the awards, a range of successes unequalled by any other American woman. But ten years later she was writing not about tanks and planes, but about the saints. She began coquettishly by quoting Ambrose Bierce, who had defined a saint as a "dead sinner, revised and edited."

But quickly, Clare Luce's tone of voice altered. She wrote that perspectives are very changed now. "Augustine," she said, "came into a pagan world turning to Christianity, as we have come into a Christian world turning towards paganism."

St. Augustine fascinated her. She wrote that "he explored his interior sufferings with the same passionate zeal with which he had explored exterior pleasures, and he quailed to the depths of his being at the [projected] cost of reforming himself. 'These petty toys of toys,' "—she quoted him—" 'these vanities of vanities, my long-time fascinations, still held me. They plucked at the garment of my flesh, and murmured caressingly: Dost thou cast us off? From this moment shall this delight or that be no more lawful for thee forever?' Habit," Clare Luce commented, "whispered insistently in his ear: 'Dost thou think that thou canst live without these things?' And Augustine, haunted by Truth, hounded by Love, harried by Grace, 'had nothing at all to answer but those dull and dreary words: Anon, anon; or Presently, or, Leave me alone but a little while. . . .' "

Clare Luce knew that it was truly miserable to fail to enjoy some of life's pleasures. When asked which priest she wished to confess to on entering the Catholic Church, she had said, "Just bring me someone who has seen the rise and fall of empires." But some years later, told by someone how utterly admirable were the characters of Clare's play, *The Women*, she replied in writing, "The women who inspired this play deserved to be smacked across the head with a meat axe and that, I flatter myself, is exactly what I smacked them with. They are vulgar and dirty-minded and alien to grace, and I would not, if I could, which I hasten to say I cannot, cross their obscenities with a wit which is foreign to them and gild their futilities with the glamor which by birth and breeding and performance they do not possess." So much for the beautiful people.

"Stooping a dozen times a day quietly"—Clare Luce was writing now about another saint, St. Thérèse of Lisieux—"she picked up and carried the splinters of the cross that strewed her path as they strew ours. And when she had gathered them all up, she had the material of a cross of no inconsiderable weight. The 'little way of the Cross' is not 'the way of a little cross.' "

One of Clare's biographers, a

Jan Lukas

*At* NR*'s 30th: Monsignor Eugene Clark, Priscilla Buckley, RR, C. B. Luce, and (hidden) William Casey.*



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## Memo To Judge Bork

Though nothing fails like failure,
As Custer might have said,
And all his elephants could not
Keep Hannibal ahead,
Please note as you re-enter
Those chambers you have known,
That judges liberals send up
Will get grilled like St. Joan.

W. H. VON DREELE

friend since childhood, wrote five years ago about a trip with her, visiting first the Citadel in Charleston, and then Mepkin—"which used to be the Luces' southern retreat. . . . Here," Wilfred Sheed wrote, "the welcome is very effusive, in the manner of priests in old movies . . . and it looks for an uneasy moment as if they are buttering up the patron.

"But Trappists are tricky. Being released from almost perpetual silence by guests, the talk bubbles out gratefully like fizz from a bottle. As this subsides, they turn out to be quite urbane and judicious talkers. . . . They genuinely seem to love Clare," and "she considered them her last family. I have never seen her more relaxed."

". . . After her daughter's death," Sheed continued, "Clare could no longer bear to go [to Mepkin] for pleasure, and [giving it away to a religious order] was an ingenious way of keeping it and letting it go at the same time. The expansionist abbot of Gethsemani, Kentucky, . . . was only too happy to take it, and I dimly remember the Luces' ironic discussion of this back in 1949 while the deal was being completed. They were onto the abbot's game but did not think less of a priest for being a shrewd businessman. And what better way to retire the place that Ann Brokaw had loved more than any other in the world?

"Clare immediately moved both her daughter's and her mother's remains to Mepkin, where they now share adjoining graves. And then, to everybody's surprise, it turned out sometime later that Presbyterian Harry had decided to join them, and he was buried in the middle, after a nervous ecumenical service. The cost-conscious abbot of the moment suggested a double tombstone with Clare's name on it too, cutting off, as she noted, all possibilities of future husbands or new religions"—at this point she must have given off that wonderful, wry nasal laugh.

Last Wednesday, in Washington, Clare's doctor confided to the White House that Clare would not live out the week, and that no doubt she would be pleased by a telephone call. The President called that night. Her attendant announced to her who it was who was calling. Clare Boothe Luce shook her head. You see, she would not speak to anyone she could not simultaneously entertain, and she could no longer do this. The call was diplomatically turned aside. The performer knew she had given her last performance, but at least she had never failed.

And then last Sunday, her tombstone at Mepkin no longer sat over an empty grave. She is there with Harry. Over the grave is—"a shady tree sculpted above the names, and to either side her mother, Ann Clare, and her daughter, Ann Clare, in a grove of oak and cypress and Spanish moss running down to the Cooper River."

When Bill Sheed wrote those lines, five years ago, he quoted Abbot Anthony telling him quietly as they walked away, "She's taking it pretty well this year. She's usually very disturbed by this."

Clare Luce, now at Mepkin finally, is no longer disturbed. It is only we who are disturbed, Hank Luce above all, and her friends; disconsolate, and sad, so sad without her, yet happy for her, embarked finally, after stooping so many times, to pick up so many splinters, on her way to the Cross. —WFB

# NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Three weeks ago I purchased a new Mac II computer and a drawing program called Adobe Illustrator. I have enclosed seven cartoons drawn on my new system that I would like you to consider for publication in *NR*. Hopefully, they are up to your high and humorous standards. I am not asking for compensation for them (although I wouldn't turn it down) since I am not a professional cartoonist. However, with a little encouragement from *NR*, who knows? I am drawn to try to publish my work in *NR* because I am 1) a longtime subscriber and enthusiast, 2) an arch-conservative who is tired of liberal-slanted political cartoons, and 3) a fellow Yalie ('60) who would like to show that Garry Trudeau is an aberration of our great university.

Please give me your ordinary amount of consideration and I will look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Gilbert L. Shelton
Middleburg, Va.

P.S.: Last week, my wife and I received a telephone call from James and April Clavell, our neighbors in France. In the course of the conversation, he mentioned that you had loaned him your Kaypro with a hard disk, but that he still didn't trust it—I think because he can't see, touch, and feel the disk. We encouraged him to try it for a while and get tape back-up or copy to floppies if he feels nervous about



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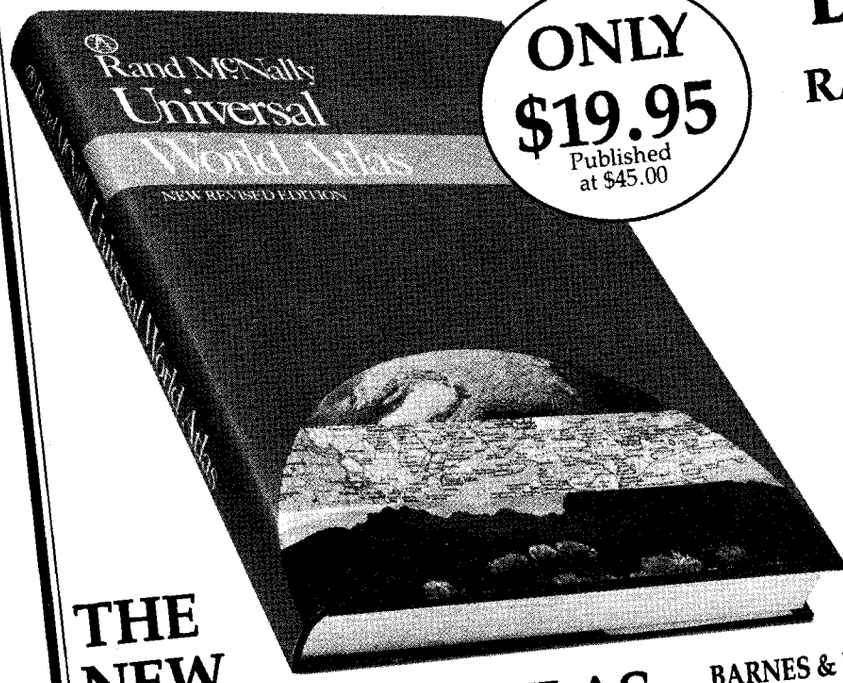


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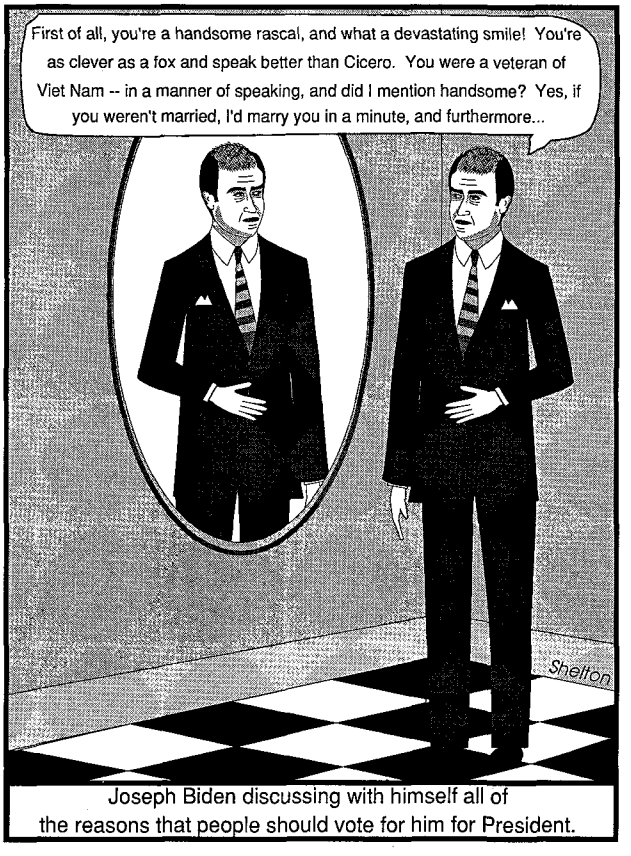
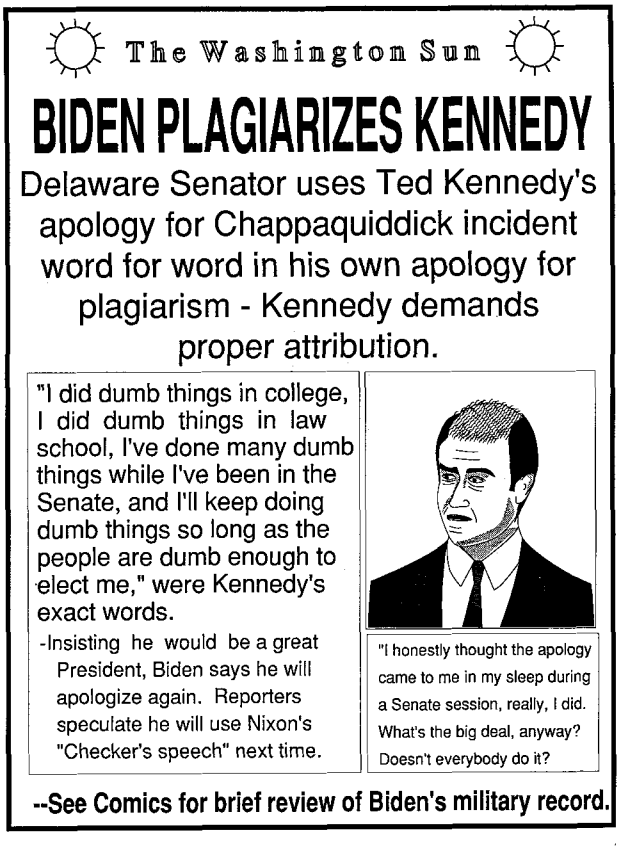
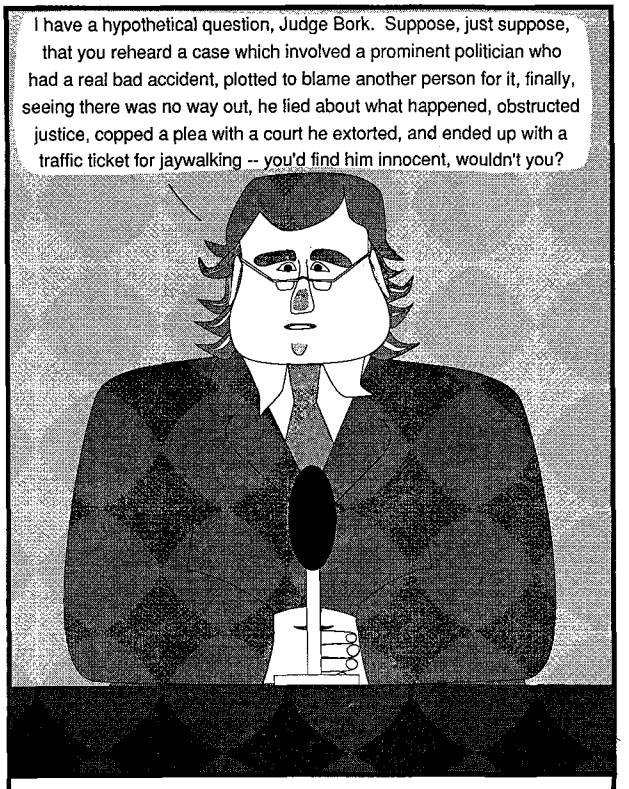
it. We'll see. He, not you or I, is probably the most conservative person in the world.

Dear Mr. Shelton: I like your cartoons just fine, and am introducing a few of them to our readers. Kindly magnify the text, as we need to reduce the size of the drawings for our purposes. Tell J. Clavell he obviously needs a bigger computer than mine to write those King Kong books, and give April our love. Congratulations, **—WFB**

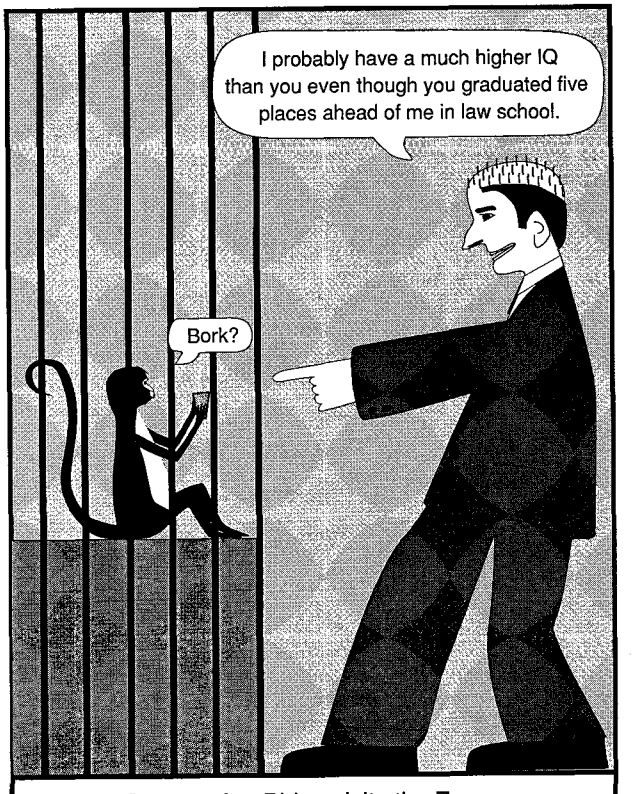

First of all, you're a handsome rascal, and what a devastating smile! You're as clever as a fox and speak better than Cicero. You were a veteran of Viet Nam -- in a manner of speaking, and did I mention handsome? Yes, if you weren't married, I'd marry you in a minute, and furthermore...
Shelton

Joseph Biden discussing with himself all of the reasons that people should vote for him for President.


The Washington Sun
BIDEN PLAGIARIZES KENNEDY
Delaware Senator uses Ted Kennedy's apology for Chappaquiddick incident word for word in his own apology for plagiarism - Kennedy demands proper attribution.
"I did dumb things in college, I did dumb things in law school, I've done many dumb things while I've been in the Senate, and I'll keep doing dumb things so long as the people are dumb enough to elect me," were Kennedy's exact words.
-Insisting he would be a great President, Biden says he will apologize again. Reporters speculate he will use Nixon's "Checker's speech" next time.
"I honestly thought the apology came to me in my sleep during a Senate session, really, I did. What's the big deal, anyway? Doesn't everybody do it?
--See Comics for brief review of Biden's military record.


I have a hypothetical question, Judge Bork. Suppose, just suppose, that you reheard a case which involved a prominent politician who had a real bad accident, plotted to blame another person for it, finally, seeing there was no way out, he lied about what happened, obstructed justice, copped a plea with a court he extorted, and ended up with a traffic ticket for jaywalking -- you'd find him innocent, wouldn't you?

Senator Kennedy bores in on Judge Bork.




Senator Joe Biden visits the Zoo.



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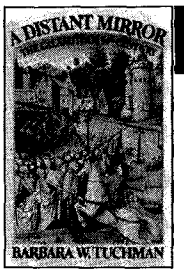


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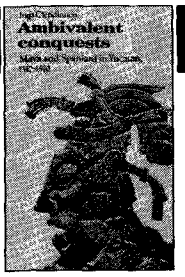


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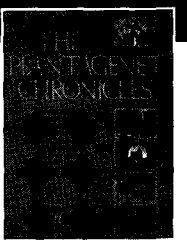

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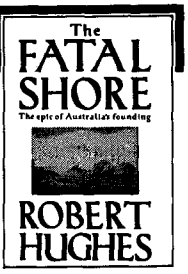


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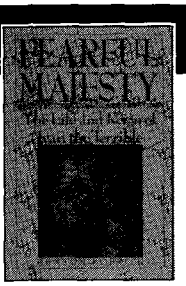


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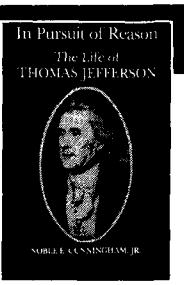


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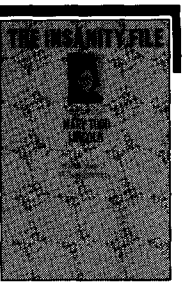


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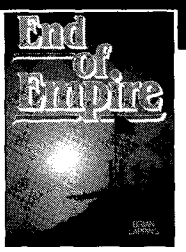


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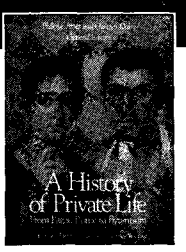


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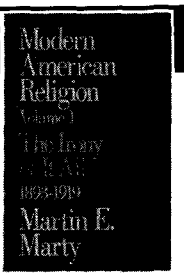


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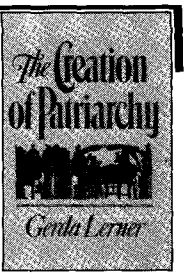


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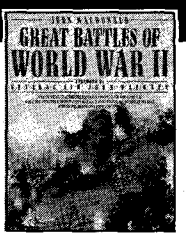


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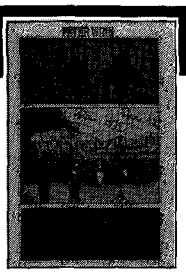

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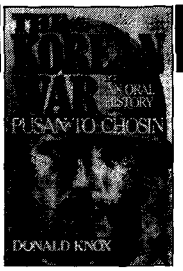


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# REAGAN'S NO-RISK REGIMEN

LAST WINTER Pat Buchanan, then White House Director of Communications, tried to rally support for his embattled President in a *Washington Post* column, "No One Gave the Order to Abandon Reagan's Ship." Concerned that the Republican reaction to the Iran-Contra affair would erode presidential power, Buchanan urged Reaganites to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them.

Shortly thereafter, Buchanan resigned. Then Reagan unceremoniously, if not uncivilly, relieved Donald Regan of his chief-of-staff responsibilities, substituting Howard Baker, the consummate Washington insider and member of the club.

As the Iran-Contra story dominated the headlines, the political world watched for the first signs of the smoking gun that would lead to Reagan's impeachment. But while that drama unfolded, a momentous change in White House strategy was going on virtually unnoticed. Call the new strategy the "No Risk" approach to the management of presidential power.

No Risk began simply enough when, in April, Baker took the President to Congress to appeal to wayward members intent on passing the highway bill, which Reagan said was "loaded with pork-barrel projects." Baker called into play the Administration's most precious political asset, a personal appeal from the President. Reagan was seeking to have his veto sustained; instead, it was overridden, and Baker took the heat for having put his boss into a situation in which he was sure to be publicly spurned by Congress. Out of this fiasco the new White House strategy of shunning confrontation was born. Charter members of the No Risk party were Baker himself; his deputy, Ken Duberstein; and the First Lady, who wants her husband to finish his second term with no new major controversies.

The strategy rests on the premise that sooner or later all Presidents become lame ducks, but later is better than sooner. Public losses, according to this view, accelerate the decay in presidential power, whereas lame-duckery can be held off if the President's men avoid issues on which their Chief is likely to take a public beating. By preserving some power—so the logic goes—you can still win some battles.

Judge Bork's confirmation fight was a laboratory test of the No Risk theory, and it shows all the pitfalls. Early in the summer Duberstein approached GOP strategists and conservatives generally, requesting their advice on confirmation strategy. Uniformly, they warned of the dangers of letting the opposition mount a campaign against Bork without his supporters' mounting an equal and opposing campaign. But the governing No Risk strategy demanded that Bork's partisan foes be placated, not inflamed. Hence the White House chose to present Bork as a moderate when it ought to have been rallying the conservative troops.

The lack of mobilized conservative support meant that liberals had an open field to label Bork an extremist. That in turn tarnished him in the polls, and cost him votes in the Senate. October had begun before Reagan awakened to his team's error in judgment and became personally involved. He invited Democratic Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama for a meeting in the White House. But caution persisted even then: while Strom Thurmond was pushing the President to begin stroking Democratic fence-sitters, Mr. Reagan's staff was speaking anonymously of withdrawing Bork's nomination.

No Risk explains other presidential behavior, such as letting House Speaker Jim Wright draft a Nicaragua peace plan, instead of riding Oliver North's coattails to a public-relations victory on Contra aid. It also explains why the White House has threatened vetoes, as with HR-3, the proposed trade bill, but rarely delivered. And it explains why, in the haste to arrive at a summit and a treaty, obstacles to Euromissile arms control—principally Soviet cheating and the difficulty of verification—were never faced head-on.

Mr. Reagan's handlers want him to go out of office on a winning streak, and if that means turning control of the nation's agenda over to the opposition, so be it. In fact, the strategy of early concessions is paralyzing: for fear of losing, opportunities are lost; for fear of failure, too much is ceded. Which leads one to ask, What's the difference between a lame duck and one that simply won't paddle?

A lame-duck President is not just a President who cannot get Congress to agree with him. If that were the case, FDR would have been a lame duck every time he failed to pass a piece of New Deal legislation. The political fact of realignment under FDR, however, proved far more significant than any one bill, shaping legislation well beyond his tenure, and indeed dominating the political landscape until 1980.

PRESIDENTS who fail to engage in "bold experimentation," as FDR called it, really are lame ducks. Reagan, who came in with a bang, threatens to go out with a whimper. Doing battle—even at the risk of losing—is what keeps a political coalition intact and energetic. Reagan ought not abandon the field yet. He has given us 59 months of solid economic growth, a rising standard of living, the largest peacetime defense buildup in history, a sense of renewal on a national—even a global—scale: substantial accomplishments all. Mr. Reagan has 15 months to go. If he uses them well, the Reagan Revolution may be as long-lived as the New Deal realignment. That means taking risks. □



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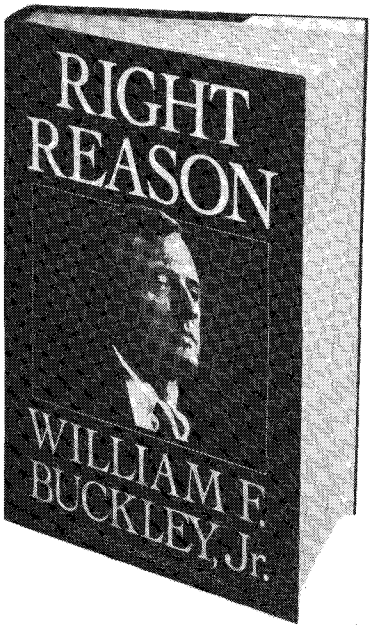


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# THE BROADER PICTURE

TWO BIG STORIES have been dominating our news in print, voice, and image: the missile deal between the superpowers, and the Gulf War. It is important, I believe, to see these stories not separately, but together in the context of world strategy.

I have mixed views about the arms deal. One indisputably good point about it is that it proves the value of firmness in such matters. Consider the situation as it was a few short years ago.

Having deployed the formidable SS-20s, the Soviets had achieved a near-checkmate position in the European theater. Their no less formidable propaganda apparatus was deployed also, to make sure that Western governments stayed checkmated. In all the Western European countries, Soviet front organizations and their dupes staged massive and almost continuous demonstrations to prevent the counter-deployment of the American Pershing II and cruise missiles. Similarly, in the U.S., the great "freeze" campaign got under way.

Despite all this activity, our side won the propaganda war. If the pacifists on both sides of the Atlantic had had their way, the Warsaw Pact would have gained a massive victory without war. The next step, logically, would have been the unilateral disbanding of NATO (in easy stages, of course, in line with democratic traditions).

Instead, Mikhail Gorbachev caves in, or seems to. Suddenly, the zero-zero option—regarded not so long ago as one of the West's rare successful propaganda ploys—becomes a reality. And on September 18, President Reagan, much battered by Irangate, announces an autumn summit in Washington to consecrate a treaty to scrap intermediate-range nuclear weapons.

"Peace" brings popularity. But is this kind of peace truly an occasion for rejoicing? In Europe, whatever the press and some politicians may say, the agreement brought profound disquiet. The corridors in Brussels are buzzing with talk of Europe being on its own, and of the need to breathe new life into a body rarely in the news: the Western European Union (WEU), set up some three decades ago to console the West Germans for the breakdown of plans to create a Franco-German army.

Nobody can tell, as yet, just what this disquiet portends. All that is clear is that in Europe, the superpower deal is seen as bad news.

## *His Place in History*

MORE THAN ONCE, in this column, I have spelled out some of the reasons why the zero-zero option is a cause for concern. But there is a more fundamental point to make: arms deals or unilateral arms reductions should follow, not precede, changes of policy.

This was the message of Ronald Reagan's powerful speech to the opening session of the UN General Assembly on September 21, only three days after the euphoria of the arms-deal announcement. He challenged the Soviet Union to live up to its professions of *glasnost*. He denounced the suppression of freedom in Afghanistan and Nicaragua. Indeed, he attacked the Soviet record throughout the world. This was the old Reagan: I liked it.

The fact is that, apart from the zero-zero arms deal, there has been no visible change in Soviet foreign policy, nor any abandonment of Soviet global strategy. What the Soviets or their surrogates do in Central America or southern Africa is the substance; the arms deal is the shadow.

The President's UN speech showed that he is well aware of the reality still. But there is that elusive, still-undefined place in the history books and encyclopedias of the future to be filled. An arms deal looks good, even if Grenada remains the only true strategic reversal for the Soviets during the Reagan Administration. (In fairness, the Administration has an enormous, though negative, achievement to its credit: after the catastrophic retreats and concessions of Jimmy Carter, the global advance of Communism—although not, with that one exception, reversed—has at least been halted.)

In that tough speech of his, Ronald Reagan also drew attention to the contradictions in Soviet behavior concerning the Gulf War. The Soviets helped draft the ceasefire resolution, Resolution 598, but outside the UN they were calling for the removal of the U.S. Navy from the Gulf. They made the false accusation that somehow it was the U.S. presence, not the war itself, that was the cause of tension in the area.

Which bring us back to the Gulf War. It is difficult for the Soviets to exploit this one. It is not a "colonial" or "imperialist" war, lending itself to Soviet support for a distant Communist party and its guerrilla movement, but a regional conflict between Islamic states, one of which is a particularly vicious and fanatical fundamentalist regime, and the other a rather nasty one-man dictatorship.

In a way, the Soviets are hoist with their own petard. In the absence of American and British will (in contrast to the brilliant CIA-SIS operation of 1953), the ill-fated Shah would probably have fallen anyway. On the first of my two visits to him in 1978, His Imperial Majesty brushed aside my warning that with Carter in power, it was idle to suppose that the Americans would lift a finger to keep him on the Peacock Throne. But the Soviets certainly gave History a mighty shove in the right (for them) direction, by activating the Communist Tudeh ("Masses") Party, and by printing propaganda for the religious revolution-



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aries. They had even, some time before, tried to murder the Shah: a well-documented though bungled incident.

In this, they made fortuituous common cause with "human-rights" activists in the State Department, and not so fortuitously stirred up anti-Shah demonstrations on American and other Western campuses. In this space, some years ago, I drew attention to one major geostrategic reason for the Soviets' anti-Shah policy: their supplies of cheap oil in the western USSR were growing scarce. Although it is never easy to estimate costs in a non-monetary economy, it is beyond doubt that drilling for oil in the permafrost of Siberia, because of the vast distances covered, as well as the need for new human habitations and all that goes with them, represents an enormous drain on the scarce resources of the socialist state. The cheap oil of Iran, and of the Middle East as a whole, acts as a magnet to the superpower on the doorstep.

It has always been in those terms that the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan has to be seen. In itself, that tragic, mountainous, underendowed land mass is not an attractive colonial prize. As a giant stepping-stone to Middle East oil, it is immensely desirable.

## *Stirring Up Trouble*

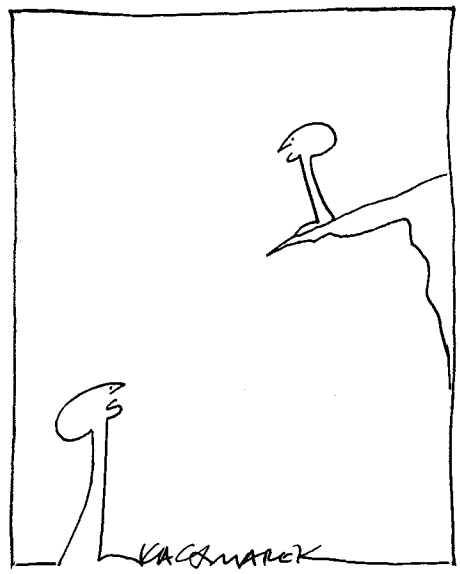
WHAT THE SOVIETS, as well as the West, underestimated was the power of unleashed Shi'ite fanaticism in post-imperial Iran. As a local trouble-maker and exporter of terrorism, Iran soon became a competitor, not a fruit ripe for Soviet picking.

A complicating factor from the start was the Soviet policy of creating client states wherever possible, notably in the Near and Middle East. The Soviet-Iraqi Friendship Treaty of 1972 was part of the long series that began with similar treaties with Egypt and India in 1970. In September 1980, when the Gulf War was starting, the Iraqi dictator, Saddam Hussein, sent his closest associate, Tariq Aziz, to Moscow to test Soviet readiness to supply spare parts for Iraq's Soviet-made weapons. By then, France had already supplanted the USSR as Iraq's main supplier.

Aziz did not come back empty-handed, and Saddam Hussein must have heaved a sign of relief, for he had been incurring Soviet displeasure by harassing his local Communists and neutralizing the left wing of his Ba'athist Party.

But there were further complications: a Soviet Friendship Treaty with Syria, concluded in October 1980, went much further than the one with Iraq, amounting almost to a military alliance. In the event, the two treaties enabled the Soviet Union, while claiming neutrality in the Gulf War, to aid both sides—Iraq directly, and Iran through Syria. Meanwhile, since the Ayatollah's regime seemed uncontrollable, the Soviets stepped up their subversive activities in Iran, working through the Tudeh Party, which had become a major operating base for the KGB.

In this context, Iran's role in fomenting international terrorism was both welcome and a cause for some concern. Welcome, in the sense that there is no known counter to suicide squads: the KGB was said to be highly impressed by the Enteharis, the Iranian suicide terrorists who considered it an honor to die as martyrs for Islam. The links established between the Iranian terrorists and the Red Brigades in Italy, *Action Directe* in France, and the IRA, all contributed to the general destabilization that serves long-term Soviet plans. On the other hand, there was also cause for Soviet concern, in that Moscow always aims at controlling such groups and phenomena. At one time, Fidel Castro, with his theories of instant revolution, was a similar worry and had to be brought under Moscow's control. But how do you control mad mullahs?



*"How do you feel about your current position in life?"*

In a curious way, the U.S. and the USSR find themselves facing similar dilemmas in the Gulf region. For the Soviets, as for the Americans, an Iranian victory, even a Pyrrhic one, would be an unmitigated disaster. Ayatollah Khomeini's term for the conflict—"holy war"—is no empty phrase. The extremist Shi'ite regime sees the war, by definition, as the key to the extension of fundamentalist Islam, first to Iraq (where a slight majority of the population is in fact Shi'ite), thence to other Arab countries in what could be seen as an attempt to reconstitute the old Persian empire. In contrast, the Ba'athist regime of Saddam Hussein is no threat to Iraq's neighbors (even though Ba'athism helped to inspire Arab nationalism; but that is merely a historical footnote in the present situation).

## *The Still-Evil Empire*

IT IS BECAUSE of these fundamental realities that the North-Poindexter policy of arming Iran was desperately misguided: that, and not the diversion of funds to the Contras, was the real sin. The Soviets have made no such mistake. Nor have they changed their global aims. As the President said, the "evil empire" has not become lily white just because an arms deal is in the offing.

The whole arms negotiating process must be seen in the light of this presidential one-liner. The imperial imperatives are unchanged. It may seem easy to dismiss the President's UN speech as propaganda, but it was nothing of the kind.

There remains the question of intention. Was the speech meant to reassure increasingly disillusioned Reaganites? Or to warn Gorbachev that the Reagan White House still means business? We shall see.

Meanwhile, we are left with an immensely destructive conflict, on the scale of the Great War, proportionately, in terms of casualties. Since the interests of the U.S. and the USSR do coincide, in that both have cause to dread an Iranian victory, is there not a powerful case for concerted action to force the mullahs to the conference table? □



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**R. GLENN MARTIN**

# Conservatism – with no ads!

Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.

I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.

Then I saw an ad for something called the *Conservative Chronicle,* published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.

There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.

There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the *Chicago Tribune's* Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News,* the *Denver Post's* Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.

Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself.

The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is $32 for 52 issues.

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*Thank You,*
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ROBERT K. DORNAN

# Stop Beating Around the Bush

ONE AFTERNOON in January of 1986, I arrived at the White House for a meeting with the President, as a member of a bi-partisan group of 11 congressmen assembled to plot a strategy for getting aid to the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance. Congressman Jack Kemp, my colleague and good friend, was already in the Cabinet Room, trying the President's chair on for size, just as I and many others have done over the years. President Reagan wasn't due for ten more minutes, so I knew this was the right opportunity to tell Jack about a decision I had made. I felt uneasy and a bit sad at what I had to say.

"Jack," I began, "I believe that one day you will be sitting in that chair; but I don't think it will be in 1989. I want you to know that I've endorsed George Bush for President." Momentarily taken aback, Jack said quickly: "Bobby, don't do this, they'll just use you. They're not really conservatives like us. Don't do it." But it was already done. About a month earlier, on December 17, 1985, in the Oval Office, I had privately told a very pleased President of my decision to go with his Veep.

Is Jack Kemp right when he says George Bush is not really a conservative? Can a movement conservative such as Bob Dornan—a 1968, '76, '80, and '84 Reagan delegate, an old-time Buckley-Goldwater Republican, the congressman that leftists in the House most love to hate—honestly find happiness with George Bush?

Well, it is nearly two years since I made the decision to endorse the Vice President, and I have no regrets. In fact, I am more convinced than ever that George Bush has the right stuff. Having spent time with him abroad, in Washington, and around the country, I have come to know George Bush as intelligent, decisive, indefatigable, committed, very good-humored, and, yes, conservative. I don't agree with George on every detail of public policy, but then I don't always agree with other conservatives, not even with favorites like Pat Buchanan or Bill Buckley (remember the Panama Canal!). Conservatives, after all, are allowed to have differences of opinion, and it is this constant internal debate that gives us the edge in waging the war of ideas.

George Bush may not be the ideal conservative candidate, but who out there is? Not Jack Kemp, who has angered many conservatives with his overtures to organized labor. Not Bob Dole, whose history indicates a willingness to accept tax increases. Not even Pat Robertson, who, like Jesse Jackson, carries the peculiar baggage of having given up the ministry for politics when the nation is short on good ministers and long on eager presidential candidates. What of Pete du Pont? Well, he has brought some superb conservative ideas to the campaign, but he is really a recent convert. Alexander Haig? Solid on defense and foreign affairs but not nearly enough economic or social-policy experience.

Do not misunderstand me. The GOP is very lucky to have such a fine field of conservative candidates, and I could support any of them in good conscience. But the stakes in this election—the future of the political realignment launched by Ronald Reagan—are high, and we must choose the conservative candidate most likely to carry the day.

If the gains of the Reagan era are to be consolidated, the Republican nominee must be someone capable of holding together the somewhat disparate coalition that Reagan forged—conservative Democrats, blue-collar workers, independent moderates, GOP regulars, movement conservatives, and what I call "conservatarians," or conservatives with a libertarian streak (you know the type—generally younger people who support lower taxes and a strong national defense, but have little or no interest in social issues).

As a veteran of some very difficult campaigns, I appreciate the enthusiasm many supply-siders feel for a Jack Kemp victory, as expressed by Jude Wanniski in the August 14 NATIONAL REVIEW. And with several months and many *X* factors to go, Kemp, Dole, du Pont, Haig, or Robertson could indeed emerge the victor. However, each of these conservative candidates appeals only to limited, though influential, segments of the conservative movement. Generally speaking, Kemp appeals to supply-siders and populists; Dole to pragmatic centrists; Robertson to traditional fundamentalists; Haig to military and foreign-affairs specialists; du Pont to government-reform conservatives.

There is no obvious heir to the mantle of Reagan, no Taft or Goldwater to rally around. However, I believe George Bush represents the Republican Party's best hope for keeping that Reagan coalition together. Given his loyal service as Vice President, along with his unique record of

*Mr. Dornan is a five-term Republican Representative from the 38th District of California.*



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broad government experience, consistent party support, and down-the-line conservative views, he is the logical choice.

Why, then, are some conservatives so hesitant to jump aboard the Bush bandwagon? Some complain that Bush lacks the passion that they have grown accustomed to seeing in conservative leaders. Others question the depth of his commitment to conservative principles. Still others, quite unfairly, attempt to demean him personally, belittling his earnest manner of speech, or hurling irrelevant epithets like "preppie" (a term they never apply to fellow Yalie William F. Buckley Jr.).

Bush in the past was open to criticism on one or two issues, but not now. 1980 is ancient history. People change. Remember, Ronald Reagan was once a New Deal Democrat. And James Burnham, one of *NR*'s founding fathers, was a former Trotskyist.

The fact is that George Bush has always been a conservative, and it is about time that conservatives recognized him as such. He was a Goldwater delegate in 1964; he twice ran for the U.S. Senate from Texas as an unabashed conservative; and he compiled a solidly conservative voting record during his two terms in the House of Representatives (Bush's career ADA rating is an honorable 6.5 per cent). For seven years as Vice President he has loyally supported the President's conservative economic, social, defense, and foreign-policy agenda.

On key "litmus test" issues, Bush's conservatism is uncompromising. He has gone on record as pledging to appoint pro-life judges who believe in judicial restraint. He strongly supported the appointment of Judge Bork and spoke forcefully for the O'Connor and Scalia appointments. Calling abortion the "most important moral question of the twentieth century," Bush supports a constitutional amendment to reverse *Roe* v. *Wade*, and he opposes federal funding of abortion. He has called for an aggressive response to the AIDS epidemic, including widespread testing and AIDS education that reflects traditional values and personal responsibility. (No surprise when you get to know his lovely wife Barbara and the wonderful family they've raised).

The VP is strong on defense issues, especially the Strategic Defense Initiative. In the May graduation speech at the U.S. Naval Academy, Bush said, "In the long term, SDI will be an effective deterrent. . . . Isn't it better, as we move forward in the nuclear age, to put weapons at risk instead of people?" As President, Bush would maintain the defense buildup that Reagan has begun; oppose efforts to strip the Commander-in-Chief of his ability to conduct covert activities; maintain an effective CIA; and continue assistance to freedom-fighters around the world, particularly in Nicaragua. (Just last month, Bush broke ranks with the Administration and publicly criticized the Arias peace plan, pledging that as President he would not leave the Contras "twisting in the wind.")

Moreover, Bush is willing to confront Congress when it impinges on the President's constitutional right to control U.S. foreign policy, something even Ronald Reagan has failed to do effectively. Bush, echoing Ollie North, recently told the American Legion that Congress has tied the President's hands with "misguided attempts to micromanage our foreign policy." Referring to a legal challenge to Reagan's Persian Gulf policy brought by several left-wing congressmen, Bush asked, "What kind of wacked-out world is this where the President is taken to court every time he moves our troops?"

On the economic front, Bush supports a constitutional amendment to balance the budget; opposes tax increases (I have a letter from him pledging to hold the line against raising taxes or eliminating deductions); and advocates the line-item veto to help roll back congressional deficit spending. Arthur Laffer, the founder of supply-side economics, is one of Bush's key advisors.

Richard Viguerie, a good friend whose skills have helped me over the years and whose political instincts I respect, recently told me that the most important thing conservatives have learned from the Reagan years is that what the man at the top *thinks* matters less than whom he *appoints* to policy-implementing positions. George Bush has said he will appoint movement conservatives to leadership positions in his Administration. He has also repeatedly said that he wants and needs movement conservatives' support. It is in the movement's best interests that we be there, on the inside from the beginning.

IF CONSERVATIVES still had doubts about George Bush's "heart-of-hearts" loyalty to Ronald Reagan and conservative policies, then those doubts should have been dispelled by his performance during the Iran-Contra imbroglio.

Remember, it was George Bush who showed conservatives how to defend their President against the liberal headhunters in Congress. I was there for his December 3, 1986 American Enterprise Institute speech, which came *before* the stirring call to arms by Pat Buchanan. You did not see George Bush running around the capital demanding scalps and congressional inquisitions as did some other leading Republicans, at least one of whom is now running for President. You did not see George Bush "heading for

Michael LaBash



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the tall grass" as George Schultz did (indeed Mr. Schultz has yet to come out). Instead, Bush—a veritable pit bull of conservative action—took the lead, and the heat. While acknowledging that mistakes were made, he defended the President's overall policy, and especially the President's right to make that policy. For his loyalty in defending the Administration, Bush was paid the ultimate compliment by radical Congressman Bruce Morrison (D., Conn.), who called for Bush's impeachment.

At that time, the pundits assured us that the Bush campaign was headed for the intensive-care unit. It took true courage for Bush to hold steady, the kind of courage you would expect from a man who was one of our youngest World War II naval aviators and a recipient of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

From the beginning of the Iran-Contra controversy, George Bush had only kind words for Lieutenant Colonel Ollie North. (See the CBS *60 Minutes* that aired coast to coast early last spring.) He did not wait until *after* North had won the hearts and minds of the American people. It would not surprise me if the story about the Vice President's showdown with military leaders in El Salvador, which North volunteered during the hearings, was Ollie's way of saying "thanks" to the Vice President. It is a story worth repeating.

If you recall, Colonel North testified that the Vice President met in San Salvador with leading members of El Salvador's military, many of whom were believed to be involved in death-squad activities. These military men are always heavily armed, and the Secret Service tried to dissuade Mr. Bush from confronting them. But the Vice President pressed ahead anyway, telling them forcefully that death-squad activites would only serve to further the Communist cause in El Savador. Colonel North called this "one of the bravest things I've ever seen." Coming from Ollie North, that says a lot. It should put an end to the "wimp factor" that has maliciously dogged the Vice President.

Michael LaBash

These are the reasons why I am completely comfortable with George Bush. It's also why conservative leaders—including Barry Goldwater and Russell Kirk—are rapidly joining the ranks of his supporters. In my state of California, Bush is already ahead by a margin of 2 to 1. The fact that George Bush once challenged Ronald Reagan is no longer sufficient reason to deny him the conservative support he has earned over these past seven years.

As a candidate, George Bush is certainly not without a flaw or two. Probably his salient problem is a trait that bespeaks a thoughtful mind, but is not necessarily the mark of a successful leader. Bush sometimes speaks in "shades of grey" instead of "black and white." Dissecting shades of grey may be excellent for the lecture hall, but not for the political podium. A "but-on-the-other-hand" approach leaves the voters feeling that they do not know where a candidate stands. Bush's thoughtful demeanor may be one reason why many remain unaware of the firmness of his dedication to conservatism. A leader can't linger forever in the grey areas. A courageous politician must be willing to take his stand, clearly and concisely, without apologies, as Ronald Reagan has always done.

Whether Bush's public thoughtfulness has been a function of his keen intellect, of his respect for the sensitive position of a Vice President, or both, now that he is a presidential candidate it has become a liability. He must learn to reach a conclusion before he faces the public—to stop doing his thinking aloud. But I know it is a problem that Bush can, and will, conquer.

Not too long ago Bush addressed over seven hundred uncommitted Republicans at the Disneyland Hotel in Orange County, California. He spoke forcefully and unambiguously about the need to confront state-sponsored terrorism, and was rewarded by two standing ovations and frequent thunderous applause.

When the American people are finally asked to make their choice—an untested, inexperienced Democrat versus Ronald Reagan's Vice President, former head of the GOP, director of the CIA, envoy to China, ambassador to the United Nations, and U.S. congressman—the decision will be easy. The Reagan years have been good ones for America. It is unlikely that American voters will again make the "Jimmy Carter mistake" of voting for an unknown without experience in either foreign or national affairs.

So why do some conservatives want to deal themselves out of a Bush White House by opposing a man who shares nearly all of their views? Perhaps it is a manifestation of what *NR* contributor Aram Bakshian has called the "Siamese Jellyfish Syndrome": the way the conservative movement "breaks up into sticky, disagreeable bits of astringent gunk just when it seems on the verge of forming an effective, cohesive mass."

It is important that all conservative leaders take a hard and *fair* look at the Vice President of the United States. He has certainly paid his dues and earned his current front-runner status for the Republican nomination. Embracing Bush is absolutely essential to advancing the conservative agenda. □



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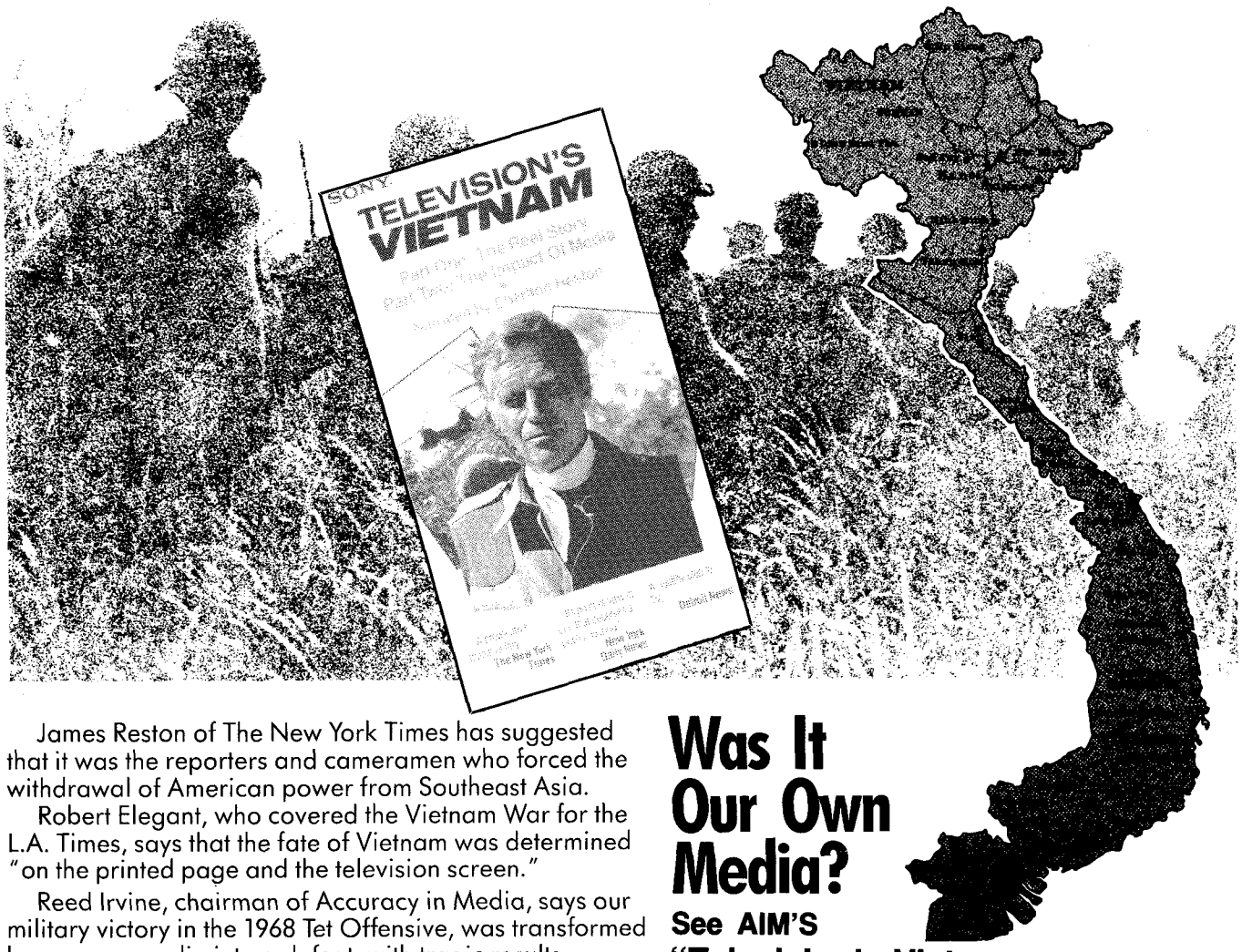
# WHO BETRAYED THOSE WHO DIED IN VIETNAM?




James Reston of The New York Times has suggested that it was the reporters and cameramen who forced the withdrawal of American power from Southeast Asia.

Robert Elegant, who covered the Vietnam War for the L.A. Times, says that the fate of Vietnam was determined "on the printed page and the television screen."

Reed Irvine, chairman of Accuracy in Media, says our military victory in the 1968 Tet Offensive, was transformed by our own media into a defeat, with tragic results.

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# GOOD VIBRATIONS: THE NEW PEACE OFFENSIVE

OH GOD. He's dead.

I was at the Jung Foundation's symposium on U.S.-Soviet relations, checking out the latest in peace movement fads. The elderly gent across the aisle seemed to be paying attention to the speaker (Robert Kaiser, a former Moscow correspondent for the *Washington Post*, who was denouncing Reagan) when suddenly the man's notebook slipped from his hand, his head fell back, and his mouth gaped toward the ceiling.

The assembled peaceniks seemed oblivious to the old man's fate, absorbed as they were with the imminent nuclear holocaust. I was more concerned about imminent rigor mortis. "Is there a doctor in the house?" I was about to cry to a roomful of psychoanalysts. Suddenly the old guy twitched and moved his hand. Soon his chest began to rise and fall with calm, rhythmic breathing. Relieved, I refocused my attention on the insanity-of-the-nuclear-arms-race, but questions kept obtruding: Is it true old Jungians never die, they just nod off at symposia?

If Kaiser puts him to sleep, wait until tomorrow when the real Jungians take the lectern. Jungians are not your ordinary peaceniks. For one thing, they are richer. But more importantly, Jungians are savvy enough to know that war is "archetypal energy." Different groups just don't get along, or, as one of them declares, "In psychoevolutionary terms, pseudospeciation leads to nonpathological paranoia."

Jungians want us to channel our feelings of hostility so they won't explode in the form of large mushroom clouds. To give us an idea of how it might be done, Jerome Bernstein, a distinguished Jungian analyst from Washington, proposed that the U.S. and the Soviets engage in ritual warfare similar to that practiced by aborigines in New Guinea. Bernstein says that after a few hours of war-game fun in Germany, we and the Soviets would feel a lot closer. Apparently the Libyans were engaging in just this sort of ritual when they fired missiles at some of our fighters a few years back. They missed on purpose, says Bernstein, but unfortunately we broke the ritual by bombing their launching sites and killing some of their men. That just goes to show you how insensitive the U.S. Government is to international realities.

I left the conference pretty sure that Jungians do not represent the future of the peace movement. They employ Helen Caldicott's rhetorical tool—if you don't support unilateral disarmament you are insane—which is a plus for them, but they haven't yet entirely discarded reason.

*Mr. Brooks is book editor of the* Wall Street Journal.

## *Psychopeace Babble*

THE PEACE movement, as I have learned over the past few months, isn't standing still. The old peace movement tried to persuade Americans to disarm, but it found itself at a disadvantage, since its leaders didn't know what they were talking about. The new peace movement goes beyond dumbness, posing new and exciting challenges for its members.

Peace is a state of mind, the new activists admonish us. Don't think, *be*. Don't argue for peace, *be* peace. "For we cannot save our skins without saving our souls," writes M. Scott Peck, author of *The Different Drum*, which at this writing is number seven on the *New York Times* bestseller list. "When I am asked, 'Dr. Peck, what is human nature?'" he says, "my first answer is likely to be, 'Human nature is going to the bathroom in your pants.'" What Dr. Peck means by that elegant formulation is that people are too clever by half. If they would just go back within themselves and liberate their impulses, they wouldn't waste their time building bombs. That focus on inwardness, the new activists say, is what separates them from the naïve idealists of the 1960s. "Through the civil-rights movement and the Vietnam War, I began to understand that the whole system was at fault," writes Shelley Douglass, co-founder of the Ground Zero Center for Nonviolent Action. "Through the women's movement and the nuclear-disarmament movement I have come to see that the deepest roots of evil are in me."

The *Peace Resource Book* lists 5,700 peace groups. As far as I can tell about a third of these groups have sizable chunks of psychopeace babble at their core; a third are traditional leftist; and the middle third have elements of both. Interhelp is a good example of the hard-core mushy type. It conducts sessions to help people cleanse themselves of the bad consciousness that causes nuclear weapons. "I saw another reason for the vacuum in my mind," writes Chellis Glendinning, psychologist and co-founder of Interhelp. "I realized that I know how to awaken. I open my eyes. I allow myself to feel. By naming and grieving what is passing, I clear my psyche of the old and dysfunctional modes of perception."

It worked for her, and through her it works for others. At one Interhelp session, Miss Glendinning writes,

> 150 people were pounding their fists together, sobbing and holding one another. Whereas before we had stood in denial or felt alone and guarded, now we felt angry, scared, and sad. And as we realized how connected we are by the awful fate that hangs over us, a . . . circle spontaneously formed: one of kinship and



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commitment unlike any other we had known before. The ritual completed itself when a woman placed her nine-month-old child in the center of the circle and everyone held hands and sang songs of commitment and hope.

The baby is not the only one sweating it out at these sessions. As peace literature makes clear, psychic transformation is often very stressful, filled with terrifying mystical experiences. At one peace rally, a college professor described her brush with nuclear annihilation. Walking across campus one day, she suddenly felt that the buildings were crumbling around her. Her eyes closed and she could not work up the courage to open them, convinced that when she did all would be rubble. Some describe fits of nausea that last for days as they contemplate the existence of nuclear weapons. For others, the horror of nuclear weapons hits them as they are driving through the countryside; they can no longer look at streams and hills without seeing a nuclear exchange.

Miss Glendinning is most candid about her own mystical experience:

> I descended into what felt like a deeper realm of consciousness. I saw my own body as the earth. I saw the IUD as one of many assaults on the planet made by our society. I recalled a magazine article I had read about H-bomb testing in the ocean off San Diego in the 1950s. Suddenly, the article's illustrations flashed before my eyes: the bomber ship, the officers, the water erupting like a bubble in a cauldron. I cried aloud: "They're bombing the ocean!" . . . My chest began a rhythm of heaving and then shaking in tiny vibrations, heaving, then shaking.
>
> My mind's eye zoomed back until it encompassed a wide view of the entire West Coast. I saw brown gasses hovering over the land. "Oh no!" I shrieked, seeing the smog as if for the first time. "There's poison in the air! It's all over the earth!" I was sweating and arching my torso, tense with pain I had carried for a long time. . . .
>
> For a moment I felt calm. Out of the silence a new vision appeared, first distant and hazy, then close up and stark. I saw Indians descending, methodically and with dignity into the earth, and bringing up uranium. "Do you see that?" I wondered aloud. "Why, they're sending the Indians down to get their bombs." I saw the people growing tired and sickly, I saw them dying, and the greatest wave of pain yet coursed through my muscles. "JESUS CHRIST! They're sending the Indians down to do their Goddamn dirty work!" Now I was sobbing and writhing in the sheets and sweating. "They're sending the Indians! They're sending the Indians!"
>
> And then it stopped, as instantly as it had begun. . . . I had seen the IUD, the bombing of the ocean, pollution, and the uranium mining in very clear terms. In my work I continually meet other people my age who have experienced, if not as dramatic, at least similar visions.

## *Aquarian Nuclearists*

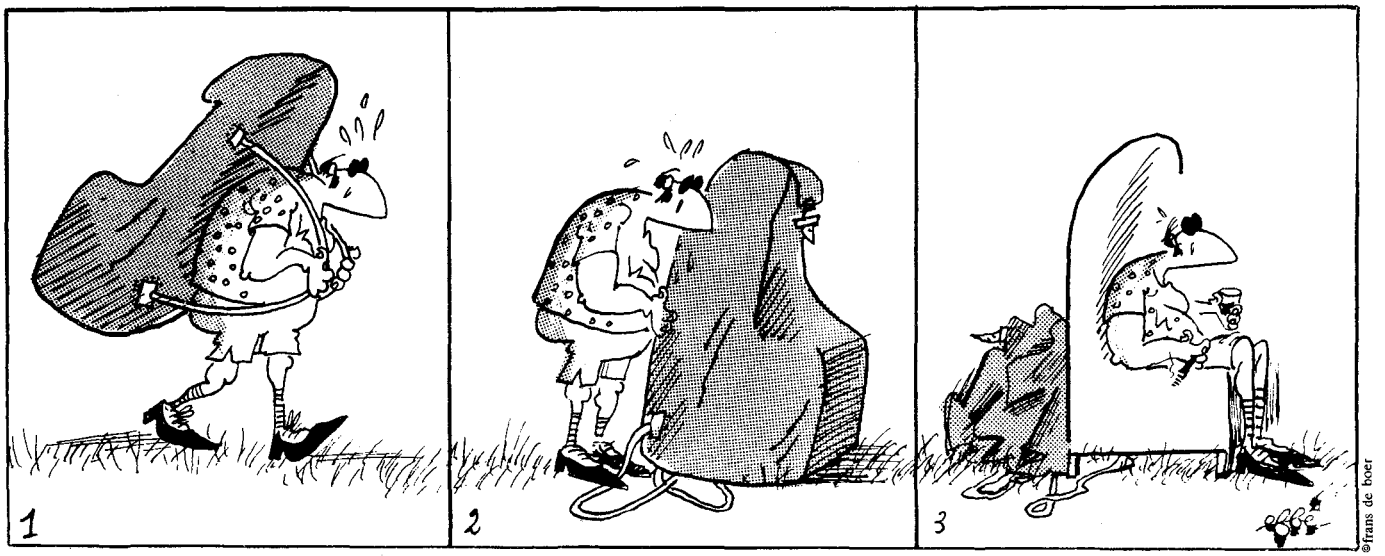
I HAPPEN TO be relatively close to Miss Glendinning in age, and I am a person who reads a lot of newspapers and magazines. Yet these sorts of experiences never happen to me. It makes one feel a little superficial.

Recently, I called up Miss Glendinnig and asked her how come I never writhe with psychic visions of bomb-toting Indians. I was somewhat relieved to learn that it's not my fault; it's my parents' fault: "You develop your sense of the future around the time of puberty, so what is happening in the world at the time of puberty is going to impact your sense of continuity," Miss Glendinning said. I am part of the post-Cuban Missile Crisis generation because I came to puberty after that crisis and before the next great historical divide, Three-Mile Island. Therefore, I "came into puberty in the time of the Aquarian age while [my] parents were totally numbed out." Historical forces created a certain numbness in me. It is the post-TMI generation, she says, that really feels the tenuousness of our planet. The rest of us are nuclearists, which is the New Age term for someone who is not open to the reality of the imminent nuclear holocaust.

## *Love and Earthgrief*

CONSEQUENTLY, I have never experienced earthgrief, a term used by Betty Bumpers, wife of Senator Dale Bumpers, to describe the sadness we should feel about the coming destruction of our planet. Nuclearists like me do not love the earth, the new peace activists say, hence we do not mind raping it. "The phallic nature of our missiles is inescapable," says Marshall Halladay, who went to jail for hitting a missile silo lid with a hammer. "The insertion of a sixty-foot nuclear missile into a buried silo is a graphic image of rape. We are sowing a different crop now, and none can imagine the harvest."

I think that Mr. Halladay has hit on something there, emphasizing the sexual basis of the new peace movement,



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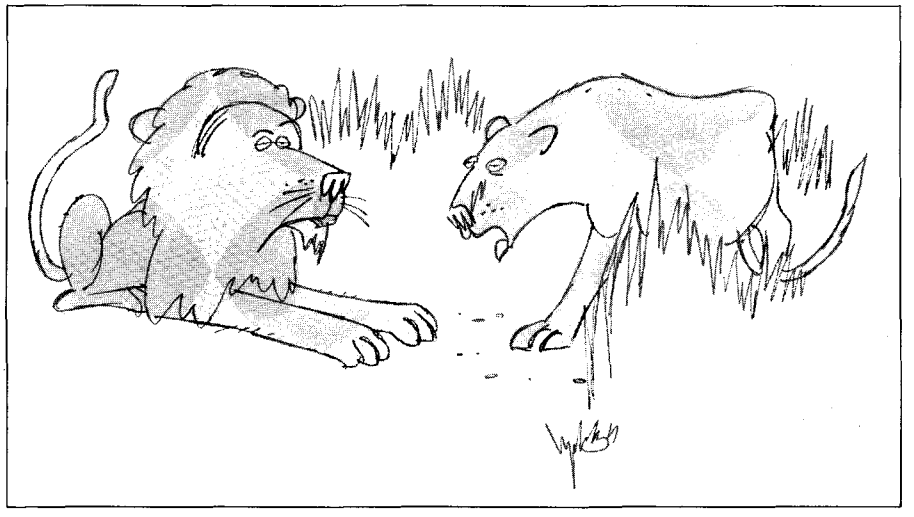
and if I had been there to watch Miss Glendinning as she had her mystical experience about the bombing of the oceans, I might be able to pin it down a little more precisely.

New Age peace activism finds a lot of ways to help its disciples sublimate their energy. At sessions sponsored by Interhelp or other like-minded groups, workshop leaders guide numb nuclearists through three stages: imaging, scenario writing, and action planning. They discuss actions that will lead to the attainment of the new future. Miss Glendinning has charted her course: "use of solar panels on our homes, honoring the lunar cycles, restructuring our workplaces to meet people's needs —these are heroic because they speak to the questions of meaning, power, and continuity in the context of the defining reality of our times: the potential for planetary extinction."



*"The wildebeest got away because I'm not a Maserati with five speeds forward."*

## *The Post-Nuclear World*

OTHERS SPEND their time planning Transarmaments, a new system of defense that will replace our current military system. In *Making the Abolition of War a Realistic Goal*, Gene Sharp describes this post-nuclear defense system. Were the Soviets to occupy our nation, teachers would refuse to teach propaganda. Journalists would continue to write what they pleased. Others might leave trees on the highways to make life difficult for the occupying army. This would so inconvenience the Soviets that, after a while, they would go home. Recently major conferences have been held in Finland, Sweden, Belgium, Norway, and the U.S. to develop the idea. The *New Creation News* recently editorialized, "It is possible as well that the unseen psychological force capability of nonviolent resistance has the potential, once harnessed, to create a weapons system of extraordinary magnitude. Nonviolent resistance may be a way to wage war without violence."

But the proponents of Transarmament have not found total acceptance in the new peace offensive. Advocating civil disobedience, after all, runs counter to the great insight of the Eighties: that social evils are within us. James Douglas, author of *The Nonviolent Cross* and *Resistance and Contemplation*, points out that, "An ego-empowering act of civil disobedience will in the end empower both the self and the nuclear state, which while tactically at odds are spiritually in agreement. . . . Civil disobedience, like war, can be used to mask the emptiness of false self."

To really prevent nuclear war we must give up a number of childish myths: the myth that people and nations should be strong; the myth that people and nations should strive toward accomplishment; the myth that power is a good thing. "We are desperately in need of a new ethic of 'soft individualism,'" Scott Peck argues, "an understanding of individualism which teaches that we cannot be truly ourselves until we are able to share freely the things we most have in common: our weakness, our incompleteness, our imperfection, our inadequacy, our sins, our lack of wholeness and self-sufficiency." For Peck and many of his activist colleagues, the model organization, which they have imitated in constructing their movement, is Alcoholics Anonymous.

Humiliation is realism for the peace activists; powerlessness, ineptitude, and failure make up the glue that can hold community together. "Community requires the ability to expose our wounds and weaknesses to our fellow creatures," writes Peck. "It also requires the capacity to be affected by the wounds of others, to be wounded by their wounds." Everybody becomes equal because everybody is weak and powerless.

How long will it take to create a world of universal weakness? Peck is no idealist. He knows that you can't erase international achievement overnight. "When I give disarmament workshops and the participants become all enthused, some of their faces fall when I tell them I expect it will take us a dozen years to achieve disarmament. They thought it might take six months. That is because they are romantics."

## *Weeping for Peace*

THE FIRST STEP, of course, is unilateral disarmament. "What a dramatic gesture of vulnerability and peacemaking that would be!" Peck enthuses. But for others, dismantling American defenses is not enough. Keith Miller, who also tours the nation addressing peace groups, thinks the Soviets deserve an apology: "We should tell them that we have not behaved as Christians toward them. We have not loved them with our whole hearts. We have not wished the best for them. We have not rejoiced in their success."

Thousands of peaceniks do travel to the Soviet Union to make their apologies. They speak of a "special electricity," an "elusive otherness," and an "intimate strangeness" they feel when showing their weakness to the Soviets. The meetings involve plenty of crying. Peace activists don't believe they have really lived peace until they have shed a bucketful of tears on Soviet soil.

The highlight of the Women's Journey for Peace visit to the Soviet Union last year came when the visitors cried over their Soviet hosts at the airport. Another group, led by Molly Young Brown, a peace psychologist, cried at a Soviet school and also at the (ever-popular) airport. Members of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War cried as they tried to climb a Soviet mountain



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And Betsy Bridwell of the Sunbow Quilt Project, which brings peacequilts to the USSR, cried when she gave a quilt to a district Party leader on a collective near the Black Sea. She also cried when she gave one to a Moscow physical therapist. It was a moment of weakness she will never forget. The Seattle Peace Chorus cried while singing folk songs at a hotel in Tashkent, and they cried again going through customs leaving Leningrad, and finally when they said goodbye to their guides. "I think I've had a taste of the importance of being vulnerable and the reward of finding that, by being so, I don't need to protect myself from enemies. Somehow the 'enemy' is no longer there," reported chorus-member Rebecca Johnson.

All this mystical sobbing upsets those who have remained faithful to the tough ideals of the Sixties peace movement. But the traditional throw-blood-on-the-General activists recognize that psychopeaceniks are valuable, if slightly nauseating, allies. "They can reach the straight family type who may be working in the military industry, who has two station wagons, two TVs, and a dog and a cat," Randy Schutt, a researcher at the Pacific Studies Center, told a reporter recently. Thanks to psychopeace babble, pacifism has become suburban chic.

The Beyond War Foundation is one of the most dynamic of the new middle-class organizations. In just five years, Beyond War has grown to ten thousand active members with an annual "peacechest" of $3 million and four hundred permanent employees. It advertises for new members in *The New Yorker.*

In an article in *Mother Jones* (adapted from one she wrote for the *San José Mercury-News*), Susan Faludi reported the following exchange at a Beyond War training session:

> A new recruit wants to know how Walt would resolve another kind of conflict: "Say a guy breaks in here and holds a gun to your daughter's head?"
>
> Walt says: "Before, I would have bashed him in the head with a baseball bat I used to keep under the bed. Now I might try to reason with him. Or maybe go ahead and hit him with the bat, but just on the shoulder."
>
> Nancy says, "I would throw a lampshade."
>
> "What if it killed him?" the new recruit wants to know.
>
> Nancy says patiently, "As long as you didn't mean to. It's the intent that matters."

In fact, Walt and Nancy are not being totally consistent with their New Age beliefs. To remain true to psychopeace movement ideals, if an intruder broke into their home and held a gun to their daughter's head, they would have to grab a baseball bat and start beating *themselves* over the head. After all, it was the hostility within their own psyches that created the psychic environment that caused the intruder's disturbed behavior.

## *At Any Price*

BUT CONSISTENCY is not the psychopeace movement's M.O. The movement is more seductive, broadcasting a mood of warmth, openness, and tranquillity.

The psychopeace activists have co-opted a rhetoric that is extremely powerful these days. They emphasize symbolic gestures of compassion and outward displays of sentimental self-awareness. They advocate an easygoing kind of egotism, a good-natured self-obsession. They never discuss and do not seem aware of people who have ambitions that are not restricted to self-fulfillment, and who are willing to kill to achieve such visions as global equality or cultural hegemony. Politics exists for the psychopeaceniks to ensure survival of the self, and they harbor the strange and historically unwarranted assumption that somebody who feels good about himself would never harm another person. They find happiness in basic emotions that all people can share without effort. Ambition, trying to distinguish oneself from the crowd, is for them a sin. But the great sin is reason, because commitment to rationality inevitably propels a person from contemplation of self to contemplation of society. It kills solipsism, and once people have broader visions, they might come into conflict with their neighbors. And conflict is to be avoided at all costs.

Inner peace at any price—that's the new movement's motto. And if it proves necessary to undergo a spiritual lobotomy in order to obtain release from the anxiety of the nuclear age, the psychopeace activists don't blink. How sad that so many appear willing to sacrifice their humanity to save their skins. □

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# THE COLLAPSE OF THE SOVIET WELFARE STATE

THE RECENT CHANGES in the Soviet Union, for all their significance, are poorly understood in the West. I can see only one explanation that simultaneously accounts for all the economic, social, and political aspects of the Soviet reform: the new Gorbachev administration is renegotiating the social contract between the government and the people.

A crucial reason for the recent democratization drive was given in the General Secretary's speeches last July and August and later elaborated in the Soviet media. Significant popular dissatisfactions with living conditions and resentment of the ruling elite have accumulated in the Soviet Union—to the point where the leadership fears a possibly serious clash between the people and the government. To mitigate this discontent, the Soviets have begun to recognize publicly the extent of mass misery and the collapse of the Soviet welfare state, and have promised a caring hand. An institutional democratization, the establishment of legal guarantees against abuses of power, and a more open press should validate the Soviet leaders' promissory note for a new social contract.

After decades of silence, Soviet publications have begun churning out a cascade of statistics and stories of mass destitution and despair. By its own admission, the Evil Empire has produced more misery than even American conservatives had imagined. To take a minor example, President Reagan mentioned in his 1987 State of the Union address that one-third of Soviet families are without hot running water. According to the recent Soviet welfare book by N. M. Rimashevskaya, it is *cold* running water that one-third of Soviet families are without; as for hot running water, only one-third of Soviet families *have* it.

Poverty is particularly ubiquitous and debilitating among single mothers, one-earner families, familes with more than two children, the elderly, and the handicapped. The average Soviet wage or salary (net of taxes and union vacation deductions) was about $2,950 in 1986; the cash poverty line per person was $1,300 per year. Thus the average one-earner family with one child was below the poverty line, as was the average two-earner family with more than two children. Given lower wages paid to women, most female-headed families were poor. Single mothers give children away to orphanages where they are malnourished and abused. Moonlighting is prohibited in many occupations and for non-working mothers. So, as the prestigious *Literaturnaya Gazeta* revealed on October 1, 1986, mothers trying to make money to feed the children by sewing at home end up in the slammer. Deprivation is also a problem for the Soviet elderly, 79 per cent of whom live below the poverty line; the magazine *Ogonek* reported in June 1986 that many, in flight from hunger, commit suicide.

Young workers, newly arrived in a city, live in factory dormitories and barracks, five to twenty people per room. There are families of young workers who live for years in the dug mud-huts (*Komsomolskaya Pravda*, February 3, 1987). To jump the public-housing queue, young female workers produce illegitimate children, which entitles them to a room in the public-housing project. Twenty-seven per cent of births in the Russian Republic (the primary republic of the USSR) are to single mothers; the latest available illegitimacy ratio for the U.S. is 21 per cent for 1984. *Pravda* (December 13, 1985) cites a new colloquialism: "to get housing via a baby." *Leningrad Pravda* (February 23, 1987) describes another common procedure:

"How did you get your housing?"

"Why do you think we had children?"

"And where are the children?"

"Why do you think there are orphanages?"

BUT REPORTS ALSO state that the orphanages are overcrowded and children are hungry (*Sovietskaya Rossiya*, January 30, 1987; *Moskovskaya Pravda*, February 3, 1987). Not all children are even fortunate enough to be in orphanages. Vagrant children and youths live in basements or railway cars. Abandoned children beg for food in public eateries; teenage girls become prostitutes; boys steal food from cargo trains and land in jail (*Izvestia*, December 12, 1986; *Nedelia*, November 24, 1986; *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, February 1, 1987; *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, February 4, 1987; *Leningrad Pravda*, January 23, 1987).

Even children of two full-time working parents are hungry latchkey children; often their only daily meal is a free school lunch; and after school they spend hours in the basements of housing projects, or even in manholes, sheltering from the cold, according to *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (February 4, 1987) and *Leningrad Pravda*, (January 23, 1987). This *Leningrad Pravda* story quotes a school principal: "The end of twentieth century, see, and here are children, many children, believe me, and they are hungry, unwashed,

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unclothed." "In the morning," says the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* story, "children wash themselves with tears of hunger. . . . The little, the most defenseless children from unfortunate families await public charity." "Children suffer of malnutrition, lack sufficient clothing; many are seriously ill" (*Leningrad Pravda*, December 27, 1984). The Soviets explain much of the children's suffering as being a result of drinking parents and promiscuous single mothers. But alcoholism itself is often a symptom of poverty and lack of opportunities. The heavy drinking in the Soviet Union simply means that the satisfactions and opportunities available to the Soviet working classes today are comparable to those available to the heavy-drinking English working classes at the time of the Poor Laws. The magazine *Ogonek* (July 1986) questioned whether "destitution is a perennial feature of our life," and *Leningrad Pravda* (February 1, 1987) described the USSR as the land where "pigs live better than people."

FOR COMMON people, legal guarantees do not exist. According to numerous reports (in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, September 24 and December 17, 1986, and January 21 and 28, 1987, and *Ogonek*, February 1987) workers are routinely arrested at random, tortured, forced to make confessions, imprisoned, and sometimes even executed—for nothing: just because there are planned quotas for crime solutions and sentences. The power of the state also transcends that of the human body: a story in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (January 14, 1987) reveals that Soviet factories produce prostheses of two sizes, and if the short one is too short, the surgeons have to cut healthy flesh off the afflicted limb in order to fit the longer prosthesis.

Leading Soviet economists are shocked; they wonder in a continuous discussion on the pages of the Party's main journal, *Kommunist*, how special interests have managed to take over the socialist welfare state and to rip off the poor. These deep thinkers have at last discovered that public housing distributed at subsidized rents means that the haves have a lot of spacious cheap housing and the have-nots have practically nothing. A typical family—husband and wife both unskilled workers; four children—may live for more than ten years in one eight-by-eight-foot room (*Izvestia*, January 26, 1986). Housing subsidies also mean that cash incomes are low and food is expensive relative to wages. Food retail price subsidies mean that, again, the upper and middle classes with higher cash incomes and access to specialized supplies enjoy both subsidized food from the state and expensive food from the city markets; the lower classes do not have access to special supplies and cannot afford market prices. And so it goes for public health care, public education, etc.

These outcomes can easily be understood by applying to the Soviet Union the famous Director's Law of Public Income Redistribution. This law, formulated by Aaron Director and elaborated by George J. Stigler, states that in a democracy the middle classes form a powerful voting bloc and transfer incomes and opportunities to themselves at the expense of both the rich and the poor. In a more generalized way, this means that whoever has the power to redistribute via the state, rips off the rest of the people. Now, in the Soviet Union the upper class is the most powerful class, and it makes itself rich in income and opportunities. It thus squeezes the middle class and the lower class. But the middle class—including bureaucrats, managers, specialists, and highly skilled workers—also has some clout. The middle class influences the state to make middle-class transfers—but from whom? Not from the rich, who have all the power, but from the poor. Thus in the socialist welfare state the poor are squeezed twice.

If this application of Director's Law is correct, two corollaries should follow. First, the poor must be very numerous to support both the upper and the middle classes. Second, the poor must be very poor after the double squeeze. Indeed, they are both. According to the Soviet statistical yearbooks and to the recent book by N. M. Rimashevskaya, about 40 per cent of the Soviet people live below the Soviet poverty line, which itself is about one-third lower than the U.S. poverty line. (For comparison, in 1984, in the U.S. 9.7 per cent of the total population and 20.5 per cent of blacks were below the poverty line when in-kind transfers are included.) Also, according to the revelation in the Rimashevskaya book, 23 per cent of the Soviet people live below the sub-poverty, minimum-subsistence line of $950 cash income and $1,330 cash-and-transfer income per person per year. The final corollary of Director's Law applied here is that the socialist welfare state is the state of pauperization of the working classes.

If the Soviet Union can democratize itself, the upper class may lose and the middle class may gain some redistributive power, so that the Soviet welfare state will become less miserable and more bearable for the poor. Otherwise, as the men in the Kremlin rightly fear, the collapse of the welfare state may have political repercussions. Put in Marxian terms, the socialist welfare state just may have produced its own proletarian gravediggers. □

*"Norman, can't you do* anything *right?"*



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# MAGGIE IN OLLIELAND

AUGUST 15 was Oliver North Day in Philmont, New York. I traveled to Philmont not knowing what to expect, but hoping to find some insight into how Lieutenant Colonel North retained his sense of purpose in a world where Ronald Reagan is a macho politician.

It was pretty rough going.

The paunchy guy with the handlebar moustache who shared a taxi with me was my first chance to get the inside dope on North.

ME: You excited about Oliver North Day?

PAUNCHY GUY: Naah, I just want to get out of town and escape the crowds.

ME: Do you remember Ollie?

PAUNCHY GUY *(shrugging)*: He was just a kid.

They called it Oliver North Day, but what it really was was Philmont's 15 minutes in the sun. No one in Philmont seems to know what to think about Oliver North, but they are all very proud that someone they once knew is now famous. None of North's family lives there now, but Philmont remains much as it must have been thirty years ago: graceful, tree-lined avenues; big, old farmhouses and small country churches; laconic men and friendly, heavy-bellied women.

So you want an image of small-town America? Imagine this:

Townsfolk gather on the sweep of green grass known locally as The Hearth. Tucked away on a nearby lot is Oliver North's former residence, but no one is paying it any mind. We're all listening to the afternoon's entertainer who, Casio keyboard in hand, is belting out Elvis's "Jailhouse Rock." One grey-haired matron can't resist the music. First one hip, then the other, starts to rock. A soul brother, wearing red plaid pants and a flame-red tie, performs something very like an Irish jig, all the while holding aloft his pro-Ollie placard, which is a remarkably detailed anti-Communist statement, almost illegible jiggling at ten paces. Today in Philmont, being a reporter, I am royalty. So when a bystander spots me squinting at the sign he signals the mad, plaid piper to hold still and let me see his message to the world:

COL. NORTH SHOWS THAT IF CONGRESS HAD SUPPORTED THE ANTI-COMMUNIST FREEDOM-FIGHTERS IN NICARAGUA AS THEY SHOULD HAVE THERE WOULD BE NO NEED FOR COVERT ACTION AND THERE WOULD BE NO NEED TO HAVE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS OF PATRIOTS.

SO I'M SITTING in the grass watching all the good folks of Philmont watch these anti-Communist dancers, wondering why the lefties have all the good slogan-writers, when all of a sudden it happens: the perfect photo opportunity. Santa Claus strolls up; the plaid piper seizes him and they waltz in circles across the lawn, anti-Communist manifesto displayed across Santa's broad red back.

There were quite a number of similar photo ops in Philmont that day, and scads of photographers to take advantage of them. The festivities began at ten o'clock, when representatives of "peace" groups, from the National Lawyers Guild to the Friends of Benjamin Linder, staged a press conference in front of the post office. A number of protestors appeared confused about which decade they were living in. One concerned citizen against nuclear war appeared wearing a tie-dyed purple peace-sign T-shirt with a matching purple kerchief tied around his straggly brown hair. His jeans were faded denim, with the *de rigueur* holes. "Excuse me, sir," I wanted to say, "but you've obviously just awoken from a twenty-year sleep. Here, have a tie."

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I don't know which group was responsible for the chief anti-Ollie slogan, but I was impressed: HONESTY IS THE BEST FOREIGN POLICY. Short, snappy, obviously untrue. But that's what it said on the hundreds of blue helium balloons they passed out free of charge. The anti-North protestors were met by some rather loud townspeople who had a different point of view. "When was the last time you went to the Soviet embassy to protest the slaughter of Afghanistaners?" yelled one pro-Norther. He had a point, I thought, but the discussion soon degenerated into a debate over the value of honesty in general. Then I saw the genius of the anti-Ollie slogan. Those defending Philmont's favorite son were soon reduced to saying lamely that everybody in government lies, but at least North was honest enough to admit it.

One grande old dame, whom I would personally nominate as a successor to the recently, regrettably deceased Clara ("Where's the Beef?") Peller, marched up to the post office to do a little protesting of her own. Cane in hand, she went up to a fat old guy with a VFW hat and a couple of pro-Ollie signs. She said, "Give me that," grabbed a sign and struck a pose. A gaggle of eager photographers formed. She must have been 75 at least and wore a plaid dress and an old blue sweater. But the best way to describe her is in her own words. "My kids are going to say, 'You look like a Salvation Army lass,' " she smiled. "But I think I look

*(Continues on page 66)*



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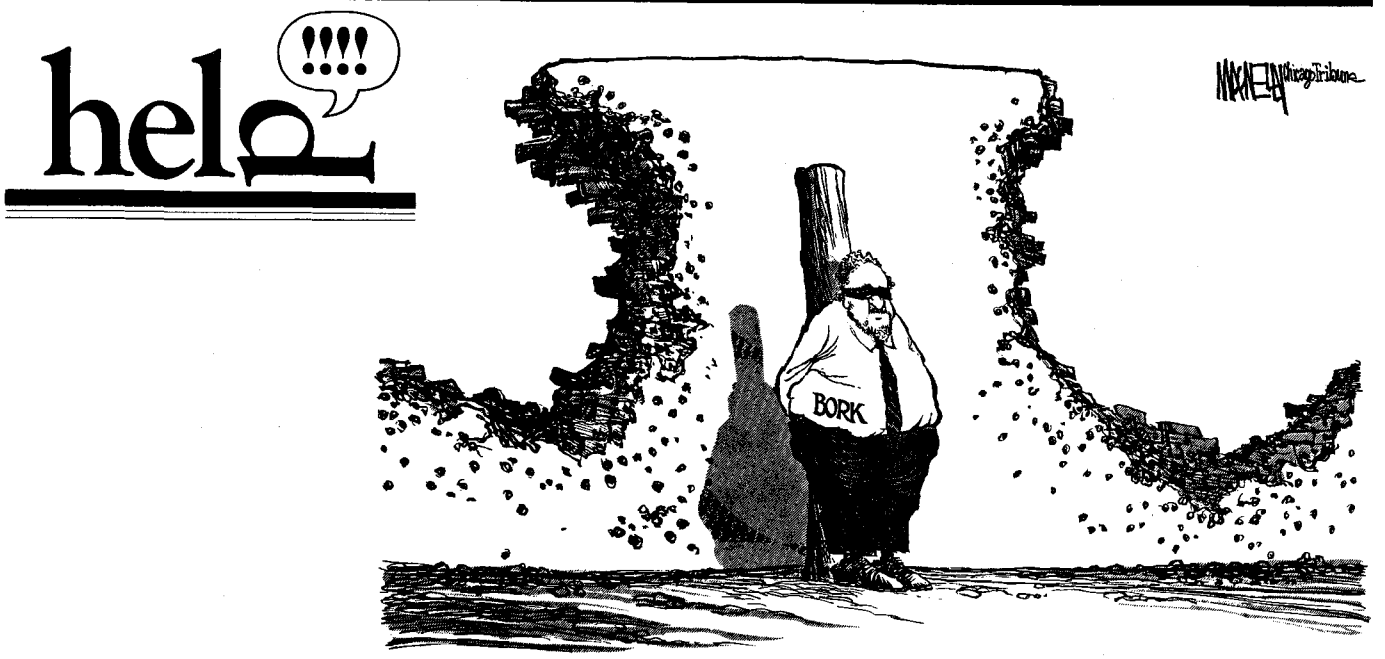
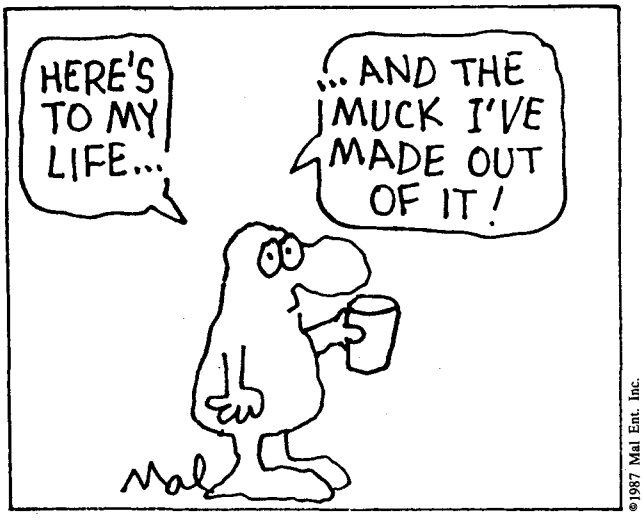
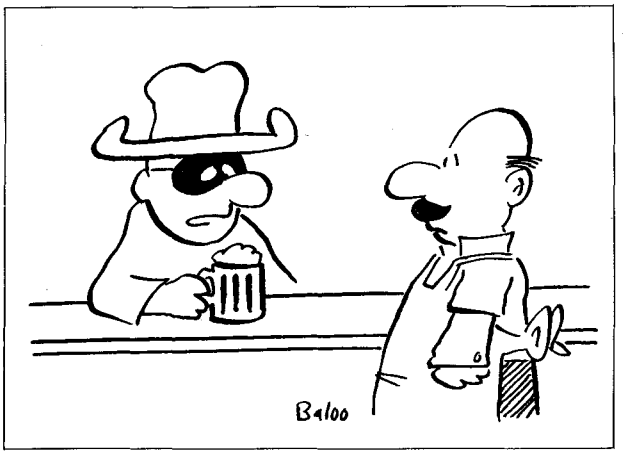



## One Step Back

Señor Ortega's at the gate
  Like Greeks with horsy gifts,
While press and pulpit levitate
  As if hydraulic lifts
Were pumping up from underground,
  Deep in some squalid den,
Where, after Reagan's not around,
  They'll sink back down again.

W. H. von Dreele




*"Tonto just became a free agent."*

*"I heard a knocking in the middle of the night . . . It was heat coming through the pipes!"*



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BUT ENOUGH OF THIS... HEH, HEH... I'VE DECIDED TO CONCENTRATE MY AIM ON JUDGE BORK!...
Biden FOR PRESIDENT
'88
H. PAYNE
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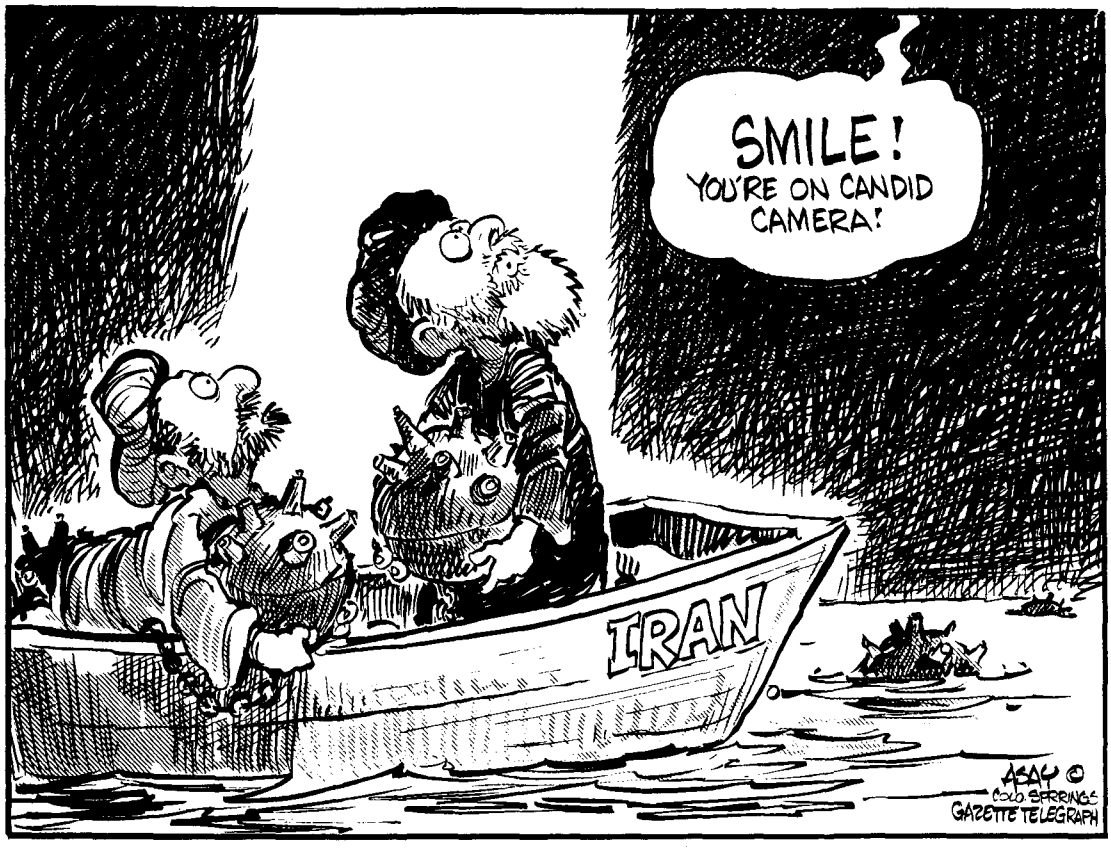




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# A SMALL VICTORY

THE REAL VICTOR in this summer's Portuguese elections was perhaps not just Anibal Cavaco Silva and his Social Democratic Party, but the entire Portuguese economy. Political labels are sometimes very deceptive. In Northern Europe and in the Slavic world the Social Democrats are, at least originally, Marxist. (The October Revolution in Russia was carried out by the radical wing of the Social Democratic Workers' Party, which only in the following year began to call itself Communist.) But Cavaco Silva is a free-market economist, and he has proved his ability to put his theories into practice.

Portugal, the most underdeveloped country in Western Europe, with the highest illiteracy rate, has been beset by grave problems ever since it spearheaded our century's march away from traditional, monarchical government. In 1910 its monarchy fell, and revolution followed upon revolution, leading finally to military dictatorship. By 1926, Portugal's finances had gone to pieces, and radical economic reform became necessary. So the military invited António de Oliveira Salazar, a highly intelligent, very serious, deeply devout and celibate economics professor at the University of Coimbra, to straighten out the financial chaos.

The army first made him finance minister, but when he demanded command over *all* ministries in order to control revenues and spending, the generals dropped him, considering his ultimatum an act of intolerable impudence. After less than two years, though, in 1928, they begged him to come back and acceded to his wishes; he was formally made prime minister in 1932.

Foreign journalists considered him a "fascist dictator," which he absolutely was not. He brought stability and order to the economy and kept his country out of World War II. But he never achieved great popularity, and four years after his death in 1970 his successor, Marcelo Caetano, was ousted by the military under General António de Spínola, one of the great fools of our century. The poor man believed he could terminate the "anti-colonial" wars in Africa by transforming Portugal's empire into something like the British commonwealth. The Marxist liberation movements, however, were ideologically opposed to any such solution.

The return to democracy at home resulted in a situation very similar to that following the collapse of the monarchy in 1910. Cabinet followed cabinet, Communism menaced the country, and since no party could get an absolute majority, the government had to depend on coalitions, which sometimes crumbled overnight.

The instability had not come to an end by December 1986. Five major parties were vying for control of the government—the Socialists, the Democratic Center (a Catholic party of the Right), the Democratic Renewal Party of General Eanes, the Communists, and, last but not least, the Social Democratic Party, which alone had had the courage to form a government. The Social Democrats expected toleration from the moderate Left—represented by General Eanes—and sufficient support from the Democratic Center Party to be able to rule. General Eanes, however, believed that new elections might bring about a more favorable constellation of forces for his Renewalists and so he forced a premature election.

The public sensed the general's motives, and resented yet another election. Many Democratic Centrists, realizing that their party would not score high, decided to give their votes to the Social Democrats, and many followers of the Renewal Party were fed up with their overambitious leader. There are 250 seats in the parliament, and Cavaco Silva needed 43 per cent of the vote to secure a majority. He had been hopeful, but the result he achieved—more than 50 per cent of the vote and a comfortable majority of seats—came as a delightful surprise. He can now *do* something, a rather unusual situation on our individualistic continent.

Anibal Cavaco Silva had done very well in the last seven months before the election. He stabilized the currency, stopped inflation, reduced spending, and thus gained the confidence of the whole country. He even scored in the traditionally Red districts.

THIS ELECTION might prove to be another turning point in Portugal's history. The Portuguese, if ably led and given a free hand, are a very talented people. It is true that today Portugal's per-capita GNP is only half that of neighboring Spain, but the Portuguese are much-appreciated guest workers in Germany and France, where they enjoy the fruits of an affluent society. We have to bear in mind that in the sixteenth century, up to 1580, the Portuguese dominated the entire coast of Africa from the Cape Verde Islands to Somalia; they settled Brazil, and they ruled a chunk of India, as well as all of Malaysia, Ceylon, and Indonesia, while dominating trade in the entire China Sea. They built the best of the old bridges in Ethiopia; and the magnificent ruins of Bassena, north of Bombay, testify to Portuguese talent, as do the beautiful old houses of Malacca and Macau. All this, with a population that in 1600 was not much over eight hundred thousand.

The Portuguese have a certain melancholy, expressed in their sad *fados*. But if properly motivated they fight like lions. Given the opportunity, they might once again become a prosperous people, occupying their rightful place under the sun. □



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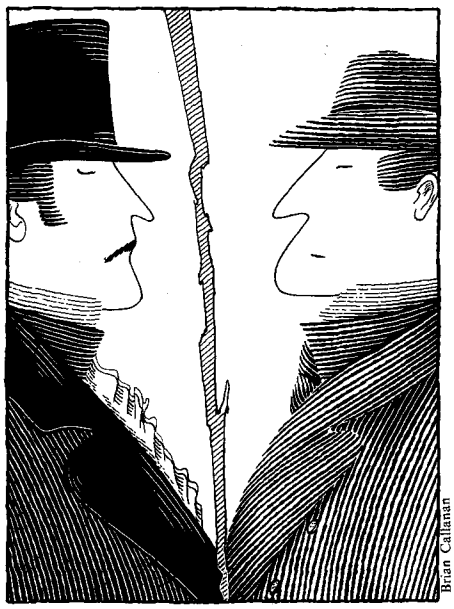
# THE CIVIL WAR AND AMERICAN DESTINY

THOMAS FLEMING

JEFFERSON DAVIS once speculated that if the South lost the Civil War, its history would be written by Northerners. And Northern historians like George Bancroft did in fact do their best to establish an authoritative version of American history as the triumph of the Puritan ethic. Even more to the point were the sermons and patriotic speeches supplied by abolitionists who found themselves temporarily without a cause. In a centennial address given on July 4, 1876, Henry Ward Beecher declared that the Revolutionary generation had built a great nation but that his generation was building a greater. Beecher was in a position to know: a successful Boston minister, he was a leading supporter of progressive causes, including women's rights—although the purity of his feminism was somewhat tarnished when he was named a co-respondent in a famous divorce trial.




While a great many Unionists had been tepid abolitionists at best and would have despised all of Beecher's causes, the North's victory seemed to set a divine seal of approval upon the whole radical program of reform. Even cautious old soldiers were infected with the glorious vision:

> The war begot a spirit of independence and enterprise. The feeling now is that a youth must cut loose from his old surroundings to enable him to get up in the world. There is now such a commingling of the people that particular idioms and pronunciation are no longer localized. . . . I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be a great harmony between the federal and the confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness of the correctness of this prophecy; but I feel within me that it is to be so.

This prophet of American destiny is Ulysses S. Grant, writing in the conclusion of his memoirs. More, perhaps, than anyone else, Grant was qualified to speak for the United States that was reborn from the national suicide. As commanding general, he had won the war; as President, he had set the tone for an entire generation of politicians; and in retirement he became one of many victims of the boisterous economic system he believed in.

Henry Adams described Grant as a typical American type: "inarticulate, uncertain, distrustful of himself, still more distrustful of others, and awed by money." From the first, Adams had seen the weaknesses of Grant's Administration as a symptom of something seriously wrong with the commonwealth. Adams blamed the postwar "speculative mania"—and the corruption that went with it—on the war itself, and viewed the final decades of the nineteenth century as a spectacle of greed, vulgarity, and decadence. "Grant's Administration," he wrote in his own memoirs, "wrecked men by thousands, but profited few. . . . One might search the whole list of Congress, Judiciary, and Executive during the 25 years 1870 to 1895, and find little but damaged reputation. The period was poor in purpose and barren in results."

Adams had good reason to be bitter. His people, the old Yankee stock, had created the United States—albeit with the help of a few Virginians and Carolinians. His grandfather and great-grandfather had been Presidents, and his father had played a distinguished part in foreign affairs. What is more, his grandfather, John Quincy Adams, had done more than any other man to make abolitionism a respectable cause, thereby inflaming the sectional hostilities that brought on the war.

But the war that should have swept the Adamses and their connections into power and ushered in a Yankee golden age had, instead, installed a new regime of speculators, stockjobbers, and robber barons—the people Owen Wister (a Philadelphia patrician) later described as "the yellow rich." Every revolution brings new men into power, and old John Adams had been horrified by the vulgar and unprincipled Yankees who had got rich during the Revolution. But while John was willing to dirty himself

*Thomas Fleming is editor of* Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.



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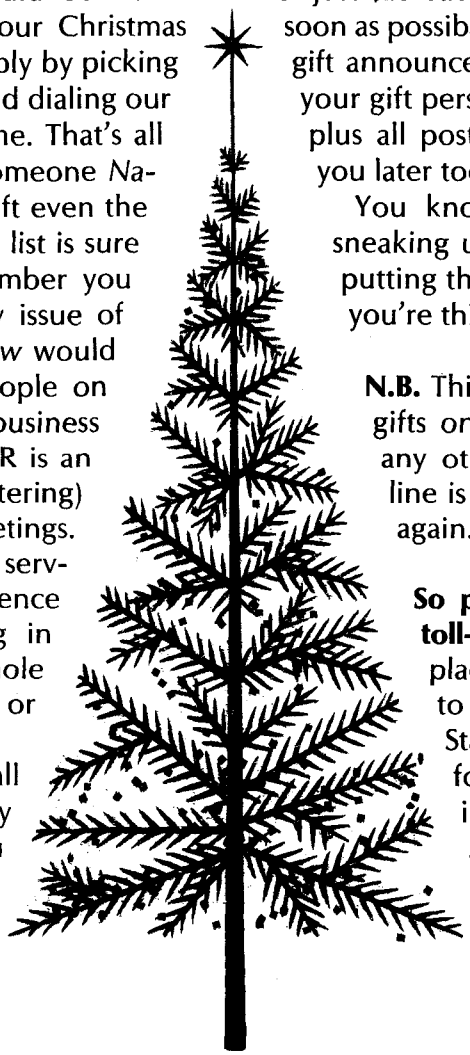

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in the political arena, his great-grandsons were men of a different stamp. With one exception, they kept out of the fray and devoted themselves to higher things. The exception was Charles Francis Adams Jr., a hardworking businessman who was president of the Union Pacific Railroad until he got skinned by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk.

Like most of the best men of his time, Charles Francis was a nationalist. The war and its aftermath, he believed, had given the arrogant Southerners what they deserved, but it was time for a wider vision, for Grant's "great harmony." Even Charles Francis's career in the railroads was more than an opportunistic venture, since he saw the new lines as "the most developing force" in the country and as a powerful instrument for uniting the sections.

SECTIONAL UNITY was a major theme in many postwar novels that featured beautiful rebel girls falling in love with Yankee officers. A generation later, the racial supremacist Thomas Dixon Jr. was plowing these old fields in novels like *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman*. In *The Clansman* (the inspiration for D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, *Birth of a Nation*) Dixon even found good things to say about Lincoln.

But the 1870s' great dream of unity never materialized. North and South were not reconciled, nor did regional accents disappear; class divisions actually deepened; and movement after movement swept over the reborn union, each one in quest of a utopian community that was more and more identified with the antebellum period. Socialism was more fashionable in the 1880s than in the 1930s—witness the enormous popularity of Edward Bellamy's utopian novel *Looking Backwards*. The phenomenon was not confined to the rootless intelligentsia; even a reactionary populist like William Jennings Bryan—a man who feared and distrusted both government and intellectuals—called for the nationalization of the railroads.

Whatever the reason, there was a vague sense of unrest in America. As Jackson Lears has recently described it, the postwar period saw the rise of "neurasthenia" as the fashionable disease and the simultaneous emergence of the arts-and-crafts movement as an antidote to the growing sense of helplessness and failure.

Nationalism, democracy, and aestheticism could be mixed and matched like so many "separates" in a discount women's store. The results were sometimes exotic. In 1912 Whitman's literary heir, Vachel Lindsay, begged his way across the Plains States preaching "the gospel of beauty" and proclaiming "the coming of religion, equality, and beauty." The craze for the outdoor life, hobbies, and physical fitness began in the hope that such activities would provide relief from the prevailing anomie—or, at least, the oblivion that comes from exhaustion. No less than his eccentric brothers, Charles Francis Adams suffered from the national ennui. He had never learned to ride a bicycle properly, he complained, nor to do anything with his hands. The happiest days of his life had been spent in the army during the war. (Henry found it more convenient to sit the war out in Europe—like that other patrician critic of America, Henry James.) No less than his brothers, Charles Francis regarded his life as a failure and stood aghast at the transformation of the New England landscape and the changes in American life.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that on balance the Adamses were right. The Yankees, who had won the war, only managed to destroy their own civilization, while the South—beaten, violated, and oppressed by Reconstruction—seemed to have retained some shreds of its dignity and character. Late in his life, Charles Francis won renown for his address (1907) on the centennial of Robert E. Lee's birth, and a year earlier Owen Wister, already famous as the author of *The Virginian*, had published *Lady Baltimore*, a novel set in Charleston. Wister filled his book with fulminations against the bad manners and loose morals of the Newport set and declared quite openly that it was only in the South that an American civilization could still be discovered.

Wister's despondency profoundly disturbed his old friend Theodore Roosevelt. The President praised the book both as literature and for its "sturdy protest . . . against spangle-covered baseness"; but, he complained, Wister's "sweeping indictment of the Northern people" was unfair. The Southerners, he agreed, had "retained some barbaric virtues we had tended to lose in the North," but they were still a sorry lot who "contributed little, very little, toward anything of which we Americans are proud."

Roosevelt was the best political man of his time—and the most representative: an old patrician, he was the champion of that progressivism which sought to stabilize the status quo by centralizing authority; a crank on physical fitness and a sportsman-hobbyist, he saw the destiny of his country in a vigorous imperialism that would challenge American manhood. Roosevelt had an ally in another Adams brother, Brooks, whose study of the laws of history had convinced him that America's imperial moment had arrived. Brooks's optimistic support for progressive legislation tended to alienate him from his skeptical brother Henry, but it endeared him to Roosevelt and his circle.

ROOSEVELT'S CONFIDENCE in the Yankee character and the national destiny was far from universally shared, and nothing is more revealing of the continuing sectionalism than the literatures of the North and South. In the states of the Confederacy, piety was the watchword. With a few exceptions (like George Washington Cable) Southern writers celebrated the virtues of their *ancien régime* in sentimental works like *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* and "Marse Chan." While a few later writers like Erskine Caldwell were to get rich by attacking the old myths, the best Southern writers—Sidney Lanier, William Faulkner, Andrew Lytle—would continue to refine upon the legends of the old South and the failed patriotic war in almost Vergilian terms. As M. E. Bradford has suggested, *pietas*—in the Roman sense of loyalty to family, nation, and faith—virtually defines the South's literary creed.

In the North the situation was quite different. By the 1890s the great Yankee sages—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier—were all silent. Their most obvious successor, William Dean Howells, was an Ohioan—an ominous circumstance: the burden of Northern civilization was shifting to the brawnier shoulders of the Midwest. As a critic, Howells was faithful to his adopted tradition and honored the giants of New England literature; however, as a novelist and disciple of Zola he expressed as much outrage against social conditions as any socialist. His most



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widely read book, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, while far more cautious in its social criticism than many of his other works, is an allegory in which a canny manufacturer's moral rise depends upon his failure in business.

If Howells, who wore the mantle of Longfellow and Emerson, was critical of New England morals, other Northern writers were fast turning into muckrakers and revolutionaries. The history of Northern literature from the 1890s to the 1920s is marked by iconoclastic milestones: Stephen Crane's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* (1893), Frank Norris's *McTeague* (1899), Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* (1900), Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* (1906), and Jack London's *Martin Eden* (1909), Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* (1920) and *Babbitt* (1922). What a list. *Martin Eden* is a very good book in spite of Jack London's mental instability, and Sinclair Lewis had some notion of how to write fiction; but for the rest, it is a literature more honored in analysis than in perusal. Norris's *McTeague* is long-winded and puerile, and Howells's willingness to suspend his critical faculties by praising such a book can only be explained as a product of ideology. In literary history, Norris and Sinclair *are* important, precisely because they are emblematic of an age that combined utopian aspirations with third-rate accomplishments. Small wonder that Gore Vidal has devoted so much fictional space to this period.

What Lionel Trilling called the adversary culture was already in the saddle by 1900. In the same period, other less hostile writers had emerged, but few of them were unqualified defenders of the Yankee way of life. Some took the comparatively easy way out: travel and exile. Richard Harding Davis set a fashion for travel writing and heroic journalism, but Edith Wharton went a step further and lived abroad for much of her life. The two most celebrated American writers of the early twentieth century both became British subjects: Henry James in 1915 and T. S. Eliot in 1927. Ezra Pound did not willingly reside in the U.S. after 1908, and when the famous expatriates of the 1920s turned their backs on the land of their birth, they were only following the time-honored tradition of Northern writers who had learned to despise their own country. Their absence was not entirely regretted by the immigrant children who aspired to fill their shoes.

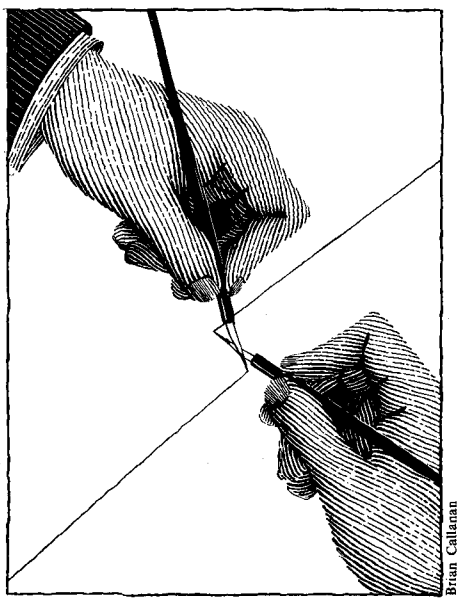
By the time of his death, Henry Adams was already disturbed by the progress made by recent immigrants. Norman Podhoretz, in an essay on Adams, summed him up as a disgruntled patrician too delicate to endure the rough-and-tumble of politics and motivated by xenophobic anti-Semitism. Xenophobia was unquestionably on the rise at the turn of the century, but from their own perspective the nativists had reason for alarm. By 1890 Boston was one-third foreign-born, and New York's population was four-fifths either immigrant or first-generation.

Few of the immigrants were writers—apart from obvious exceptions like the Irish editor of *The Nation*, E. L. Godkin. By the Twenties, however, first-generation Americans had definitely arrived on the literary scene. Most of them pursued some form of political journalism rather than literature per se, but there were writers like James T. Farrell and Nathanael West whose novels somehow transcended their authors' radical politics. More typically, literature was used as an excuse for talking about politics—as with Mike Gold, Philip Rahv, Lionel Trilling, and a host of others whose manifestoes, little magazines, and ideological transformations one can read about ad nauseam in the polemical memoirs spawned by the period. (Alan Wald does a heroic job of making it seem almost interesting in his recent book, *The New York Intellectuals*.)

By the end of World War I, the American (that is to say, Northern) literary landscape was dominated by two groups: the exiles—some of whom, like Fitzgerald, came back physically without ever returning in spirit—and the hyphenated Americans, who had little interest in the heroic Puritan saga of God's people who wrested the wilderness from Satan and then rose up to defeat the diabolical slavocrats. The little world of New York and the thousand and one splinters of the International were all the America they needed or wanted. Their literary heirs, who cover the narrow spectrum from Alfred Kazin to Norman Mailer, air their petty disagreements, from time to time, in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*, but they are one in the fear and loathing with which they approach any American of the old stock.

STILL, THE OLD divisions remain. When the very Europeanized Gore Vidal attacks the editor of *Commentary* for a lack of interest in the Civil War, he is trying to have it both ways. As a patrician expatriate radical, Vidal despises Podhoretz for his bourgeois "Reaganism." At the same time, the old WASP wants to lord it over the parvenu—as if he were Edmund Wilson and Henry Adams rolled into one. If Vidal is such a patriot, what is he doing writing for *The Nation*?

As bad as it was by the Twenties, there were still remnants of a loyal opposition in literature—that is, writers who were loyal Americans but who, like Howells, were not blind to the defects of their countrymen. Perhaps the most representative was the Hoosier novelist Booth Tarkington. The only writer regularly to appear on lists of the country's most influential men, Tarkington was the best-selling novelist in the period surrounding World War I. His trilogy *Growth* (which included *The Magnificent Ambersons*—the source of Orson Welles's best film) is a fictional exploration of America's evolution from an agrarian and small-town society into an industrialized democracy. Tarkington saw the flaws even more clearly than Norris or Sinclair did, and as a gentleman he lamented the decay of manners. He wrote, however, as a man who has a stake in his country. While others saw the American businessman as a vulgar plutocrat, Tarkington looked beneath the surface and saw a noble Roman; others were terrified by the swarms of Italians, Russians,


Brian Callanan



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Jews, and Poles, but Tarkington saw them in a process of being mysteriously transformed into Americans; and if other members of his class recoiled from the filth and vulgarity of the new cities, Tarkington offered a vision of endless heroic efforts to create suburban beauty out of the urban nightmare. He was and remains the most fully American of our serious novelists. For obvious reasons, Tarkington's reputation fell sharply during the Thirties, and he is now known only as the creator of Penrod.

The dying gasp of Yankee civilization may have been the New Humanism of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, a secularized Puritanism that appealed strongly to the remnants of the old order. The literary aliens, however, knew the enemy when they saw it: the expatriates hated any movement that contained an appeal to duty, especially one that tended to reveal their own exile for the betrayal it was. Hemingway was particularly vicious in his attack on Babbitt's stoicism, despite the obvious connections with his own code of manliness.

SINCLAIR LEWIS devoted much of his 1930 Nobel Prize address to an unfair attack on Howells, whom he compared to a "pious old maid whose greatest delight was to have tea at the vicarage," and to a denunciation of Humanism, whose exponents "like their literature clear and cold and dead." Much of Lewis's speech could be dismissed as a polemic addressed to rivals, if he had not gone further and attacked the entire New England tradition as "sentimental reflections of Europe" that had "left no school." Lewis had spoken the epitaph for Northern civilization.

By World War II the Yankee vision of America was a dead letter. Brooks Adams had eventually died as bitter a man as his brother Henry; his political chief had seen himself put aside by a political fiction of his own devising, William Howard Taft, and denied another presidential term by a corrupt party system that thwarted the national will; Vachel Lindsay, like so many American poet-prophets of this century, fell into despondency and killed himself. Booth Tarkington died in 1946, and his literary heirs—John P. Marquand and James Gould Cozzens—were never treated with proper respect by the critics. (Like Tarkington, however, they sold well.) Of "major voices," i.e., writers acceptable to the New York reviewers, only John Cheever still seemed to brood over the fate that had overtaken the Puritan commonwealth. But to Cheever's pessimism, George Garrett replied some years ago, that in the eyes of Southerners, "New England and Mr. Cheever are getting what they asked for." "Deep in our hearts," writes the Southern novelist, "we feel, perhaps smugly, that it is the end result of all the grand hypocritical spirit which erupted in New England and would not rest until it had destroyed ours."

The real question is not whether the splendid Yankee civilization failed, but why. The Union victory brought about an almost unprecedented rate of expansion, as well as massive immigration, but that alone cannot explain the collapse of a competent and civilized elite class, the like of which we shall not see again. But outside of New York and Philadelphia, the Northern elite was not especially aristocratic. The Puritan descendants tended to despise martial virtue and any of the vigorous self-assertion that has characterized aristocratic males from Achilles to Teddy Roosevelt. The tone of New England life had always been set by bookish parsons whose power rested on the ability to explain ideas and stir emotions, not on the ability to lead men.

In the Revolution, the Yankees had given the country many of her best political minds, notably John Adams, but they were wise enough to turn over the army to a Virginian. Henry Adams—with mixed admiration and contempt—described Virginians as splendid animals and observed, "Strictly, the Southerner had no mind; he had temperament." But (as Adams recognized) the Bostonian suffered from an excess of mind that rendered him even more helpless than the Southerner to face the challenges of modernization. The less intellectual Southerners had a clearer notion of who they were; paradoxically, it was their very parochialism that gave them confidence. During a period in which Adams was becoming a ranting anti-Semite, a South Carolina Jew named Bernard Baruch grew up hearing his Confederate-veteran father tell tales of the war and of his service in the Ku Klux Klan. Baruch's heroes were Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and J. P. Morgan, and throughout his life the financier—who had suffered more than a few snubs in New York—declared his loyalty to Southern principles.

But the South, which had survived defeat, could not survive the prosperity that followed the effort to rebuild Southern society along Yankee lines. Even today, the best American writers are Southerners—Peter Taylor, Walker Percy, Fred Chappell, George Garrett—but there are more Southern writers who take after the turncoats William Styron and Willie Morris. There is a saving remnant of decent Southern society, but it is overshadowed by the shopping malls, industrial parks, and suburban developments that symbolize the South's capitulation to the Northern way of life.

FOR ALMOST a century, critics have been assailing the cheapness and vulgarity of our culture: Owen Wister at the turn of the century, Irving Babbitt in the Twenties, Richard Weaver in the Fifties, Russell Kirk in the Sixties. None of them overstated the case. Decent people survive and lead honest lives, but at our best we are now a petit-bourgeois, populist nation, with a proper contempt for the poseurs and degenerates who have taken the place of Longfellow and Hawthorne. A conservative, in such times, finds himself defending Irving Berlin or jazz against rock music, and must devote himself to keeping the barn door shut long after the horses have all escaped.

Perhaps the wisest of the Adams brothers was John Quincy II, who devoted himself to his wife and children and enjoyed the pleasures of rural life on his own estate. He flirted with politics—as a Democrat!—and gained notoriety for his opposition to Reconstruction. All he wanted, this Jeffersonian Adams said repeatedly to his ambitious relatives, was to be left alone, and he was willing to extend the same courtesy to the defeated South.

And what became of the Civil War, our own tale of Troy? It did not disappear. It did not even remain a captive in the Northern academic prisons. In fact, the war fell into the hands of popular writers like Thomas Dixon Jr. and Margaret Mitchell, and it is hardly too much to



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say that the mainstream view of the war was created by films like *Birth of a Nation*, *Gone with the Wind*, and *The Santa Fe Trail*, in which Errol (Jeb Stuart) Flynn steals Olivia de Havilland from Ronald (George Custer) Reagan.

On a more serious level, the war became the property of such Southern novelists as William Faulkner, Stark Young, Allen Tate, and Andrew Lytle, and such Southern historians as Douglas Southall Freeman and Shelby Foote. For years radical revisionists have attempted to change the picture, but they have not so much as dented the frame of the popular imagination. It is not because winners can afford to forget. As long as Athens was Athens, the Athenians did not cease to remind themselves of Marathon and Salamis. Unfortunately, on this point at least, Henry Adams was right. The North had virtually ceased to exist by the end of his life.

At the end of Jean Giraudoux's *La guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu*, the chauvinist Trojan poet provokes the Trojan war by getting himself killed. The last words belong to Cassandra: "The Trojan poet is dead . . . The story belongs to the Greek poet." The Yankees did not lose the war, but in the debacle of its aftermath their fine and noble civilization was destroyed as effectively as if the incendiary General Sherman had been turned loose upon it. Within two generations of their victory, the Yankees had abandoned the American saga to defeated Southerners and to the children of immigrants who had come to fill the void created by the national bloodletting. □

# CONGLOMERATE SOIL

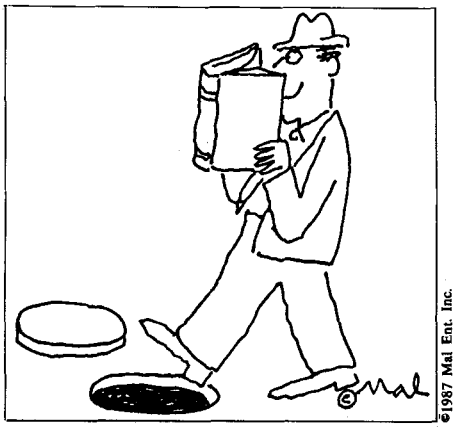
## Mark Mirsky

*The Knave of Boston, by Francis Russell (Quinlan, 195 pp., $17.95)*

FRANCIS RUSSELL is not an easy writer to categorize. He appears as a historian in his best known books, *Tragedy in Dedham* and *The Shadow of Blooming Grove*. When he writes about New England his prose takes root in its conglomerate soil to continue a strain of idiosyncratic reflection evolved from Thoreau and Emerson. There is a whiff of the vanished Boston Tory in his paragraphs, but there is also a subtle sympathy for the anarchist, the immigrant, the outsider struggling against the establishment or against convention.

*The Knave of Boston*, a collection of character portraits, begins with Daniel Coakley, a Boston political figure from the beginning of the century, who set a standard for evil by which figures of more attractive wickedness may be judged. Coakley helped elect John F. Kennedy's grandfather, Honey Fitz, as mayor, and following Fitzgerald's final defeat supported James Michael Curley. He was an active participant, together with the district attorneys of Suffolk and Middlesex counties in the "badger game," in which "a man is maneuvered into the arms of a woman, then blackmailed." Many "ardent Bostonians with Social Register names" were made victims of this practice, which crossed party and ethnic lines, for Coakley found willing collaborators in old-line Yankees and Republican bosses. Even after his disbarment, he was elected to the Governor's Council. Behind the sentimental treacle the Boston papers regularly print about Honey Fitz and James Michael Curley is the reality of men like Coakley, who made a travesty of the court system and a shambles of public works, demoralizing policemen, firemen, clerks, teachers, and secretaries as he and his associates undermined the system of appointment and promotion on merit.

Russell is likewise amusing, but unsparing, in his portraits of Mayors Fitzgerald and Curley. His father remembered Calvin Coolidge as "the laziest governor in the history of the Commonwealth," who used to "come back from lunch each day to spend two hours napping in the governor's chair with his feet on the desk." I, who am also the son of a Massachusetts legislator, can still hear the speaker of the state House of Representatives, John Thompson, swearing foul expletives while riding in the elevator. My father eventually left the legislature because he felt he had lost his dignity serving under such men.




We pass to the story of the Yankee Mayor Andrew James Peters, whose ineffectual leadership during the Boston Police Strike led to rioting in the street and to Governor Coolidge's callous efforts to break the strike. But Francis Russell has debunked Coolidge before: what interests him in *The Knave* is the story of Mayor Peters's seduction of his own niece. The sexual puritanism of the Commonwealth, so often a mask for hypocritical behavior, was the instrument which Coakley wielded and by means of which Curley was able to force Honey Fitz from office. And in summoning the evidence of Chappaquiddick for review, the author offers a more charitable account of Ted Kennedy's behavior, developed from the testimony of Deputy Sheriff Huck Look, and hypothesizing that Ted jumped out of the car and hid in the bushes when he and Mary Joe were discovered on a side road, after which she drove off alone. The car would then have fallen off the bridge without Kennedy's knowledge. But this version would have required Ted Kennedy to admit publicly what all Washington knew privately: that he was a notorious womanizer like his father and brothers.

In this chapter on Kennedy ("Indian Summer in Hyannis Port") the landscape of Cape Cod intrudes on an account of a mere automobile accident. Russell has a talent for description perceptible earlier in his portrait of post-Revolutionary Boston: "The emergents were the sober, hard-faced merchants, men who would never dream

*Mark Mirsky is a professor of English at the City College of New York and the author of three novels, a collection of short fiction, and a book of essays. His articles have appeared in* Partisan Review, *the* Washington Post Book World, *and other publications.*



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## RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM SEPTEMBER: *Volcker: Portrait of the Money Man* (Congdon & Weed, $18.95), by William Neikirk, is an interesting biography of the former chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board written by a correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*.

☐ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: In *Klaus Fuchs, Atom Spy* (Harvard, $25), Robert Chadwell Williams explains why Fuchs became a traitor (his Quaker background provided him with a sense of "moral idealism") and how his activities went so long undetected (the British, in desperation to recruit scientists at the beginning of the war, gave him top-notch security clearance, which the Americans accepted at face value).

*History in Sherman Park: An American Family During the Reagan-Mondale Election* (Knopf, $15.95), by Jonathan Schell, examines how the members of a typical (whatever that might mean) American family arrived at their decisions to vote the Democratic or Republican presidential ticket in 1984. In addition to springing from one of the worst possible book ideas in modern publishing history, *History in Sherman Park* is imbued with the author's obsessive theme, i.e., the threat of nuclear annihilation and the dark shadow it throws over all of us, etc., etc.

In *Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle* (Arbor House, $17.95), Jeffrey Meyers examines the possible connection between genius and madness in the lives of Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, and Theodore Roethke; included also is an epilogue on the self-destructiveness of Sylvia Plath.

In *Willa Cather: A Literary Life* (Nebraska, $35), James Woodress gives us a competent, interesting, and sensitive biography of a fine novelist, gratifyingly devoid of the lesbian-feminist propaganda that has surrounded Miss Cather in recent years.

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: *The Sixth Continent: Russia and Mikhail Gorbachev* (Harper & Row, $22.95), by Mark Frankland, a former Moscow correspondent for the *Observer*, argues that "to change abroad Russia [has] first to change at home," and that Gorbachev is "not so much . . . a new kind of Russian as a Russian in a new sort of situation," who wants more control at home rather than less.

—CW

of giving up their new counting houses for moth-eaten loyalties. Inheriting the town by default they—within the limits of their bourgeois sobriety—came to adopt the behavior pattern of their predecessors. One can mark the two eras by comparing the Palladian sophistication of Governor Shirley's Roxbury mansion (1745) with the naïveté of Bullfinch's State House (1795) just as one can mark the next emergence in the contrast of the brick Federalist town houses of Beacon Hill with the Hyannis compound." Now, in his chapter on Chappaquiddick, Russell writes, "I notice they are building a new house on the edge of the peninsula, complete with fake windmill. Hyannis Port is full of fake windmills, as if there were something of the wind's whim in the subtown's opulence, its overly white houses and manicured lawns and too little privacy."

The final chapter, and the saddest, has no villains to name—only victims, and a degree of knavery which a community is almost afraid to face. Blue Hill Avenue is a milieu which Francis Russell and I hold in common, for we were both, in different eras, born there. The chapter begins with an account of the burning to death of a young white girl, drenched in gasoline and set afire by black street toughs in 1973, and passes to a memory of the Blue Hill Avenue in which the author grew up. From the drumlin on which he was born, Russell "could look north to the hazy tentacular city four and a half miles away and sometimes on bright afternoons catch the glitter of the gilt State House dome." He watched the streets fill up with Jewish immigrants, no doubt my father and aunts among them. He describes a visit to his family house and its first, polite black owners. But something awful was to overwhelm the neighborhood, as the banks gave out mortgages to families unable to pay them and realtors panicked the remaining white families into selling. What resulted was the opposite of integration, as middle-class black families found their life savings invested in property on blocks where their children had to run a gauntlet of crime to go to school or play in the streets.

Reflecting on an empty Blue Hill Avenue, "like an artery drained of blood," and on its angry unemployed and unemployable, leads us to wonder about the poverty-stricken immigrants who arrived there earlier. At its best, the old ward system may have fed, clothed, and found employment for people more efficiently than welfare does. It was corrupt, but it discovered some pragmatic solutions to social and civic problems. Present-day Roxbury, Mattapan, and Dorchester—all of them minority communities—must look instead to an impersonal government and its well-meaning but often ineffectual programs for their support. The result is "ramshackle houses, empty houses, derelict houses, the yards overgrown with pig- and ragweed and ankle-deep in debris; and in between, houses as well-groomed, with yards as green and tidy, as the most proper 'executive' suburb." It is indeed pathos, when the loving observer of Blue Hill Avenue, reacting to the hostile looks of the teenagers who stare enjoying the fear they engender, must comment in his last line, "I knew I should not come that way again." ☐

## CONTROVERSIES

# A FAIR SHAKE FOR OXFORD

### Joseph Sobran

A THOUSAND people crammed the United Methodist Church across the street from American University in Washington on September 25 to witness a debate on the Shakespeare authorship question. TV crews covered the event, which made the front page of the *New York Times* the next morning. It had been ably promoted by David Lloyd Kreeger, a high-powered Washington businessman and patron of the arts who is convinced that "William Shakespeare" was the pen name of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.

Did I say high-powered? Kreeger managed to get three Supreme Court Justices to adjudicate the debate: William Brennan, Harry Blackmun, and John Paul Stevens. All three ruled in favor of the traditional claimant, but the event lifted the Oxfordian theory out of the crank category. Blackmun and Stevens conceded that the case for Oxford is hard to dismiss, and Brennan, asked whether it was a tough case, smiled, "This was an absolutely impossible one!"

Lawyers for Oxford and William



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"Shakspere" (as the name was usually spelled in Stratford) each had 45 minutes to present their arguments, plus 15 minutes for rebuttal. The three judges took a long lunch break to deliberate, then returned separate opinions and explained their reasons.

Oxfordians, including me, were disappointed in their lawyer, Peter Jaszi, who spent more time tearing down "Shakspere" than making the positive case for de Vere. In fairness, be it said that Jaszi had a double burden: he had to refute the traditional belief *and* prove Oxford's authorship. Moreover, he had to meet the standard of "clear and convincing evidence . . . beyond a reasonable doubt." That's a tall order for an hour's debate: annihilating and supplanting a cherished cultural myth. The very idea that "Shakspere" and "Shakespeare" may have been two different men sounds like a paradox or a quibble to most people.

The debate itself sounded less like a literary dispute than a divorce case, with the two lawyers competing in character assassination of each other's clients. Jaszi argued that Shakspere was an illiterate bumpkin, while James Boyle called Oxford a profligate aristocrat. As Boyle recounted Oxford's amours, feuds, drinking, and debts, Stevens broke in: "That certainly *sounds* like a playwright."

Whoever wrote the plays, they abound in apparent echoes of incidents in Oxford's turbulent life. Even on the Stratfordian hypothesis it's likely that the two men knew each other: Oxford was a playwright and patron of the theater, at a time when London proper had a population of only 75,000 or so.

But there is bad blood between the orthodox Stratfordians and the heretical Oxfordians. The Stratfordian establishment resists taking up any Oxfordian lead, even though hard information about their own man is scarce. And a leading Oxfordian refused to shake hands when introduced to a top Stratfordian scholar who had insulted his parents (also leading Oxfordians in their day) many years earlier.

The day after the debate, the Shakespeare Oxford Society held its annual meeting in a Washington hotel room. Thanks to the special event and its publicity, attendance was relatively high this year: the room was full. (With fewer than a hundred members nationwide, the Society doesn't yet threaten to become a mass movement.)

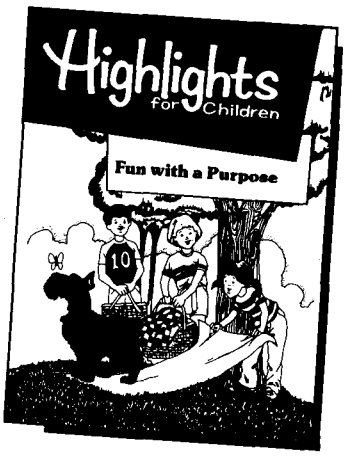
The members' feelings about the debate were mixed. Charlton Ogburn Jr., author of the excellent 1984 tome *The Mysterious William Shakespeare*, was inconsolable. A courtly but scrappy Southerner, Ogburn had been pushing for a formal trial of the Oxford thesis for years, and as far as he was concerned it had misfired. But others took the brighter view that the whole affair had been an immense boost for the cause of de Vere. An actual victory, after all, would have been improbable.

So the Oxfordians press on. At my side is a new book, *Shakespeare Revealed in Oxford's Letters*, by William Plumer Fowler (available for $37.50 ppd. from Peter E. Randall Publisher, P.O. Box 4726, Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03801). It's 872 pages long —middling for an Oxfordian book— and it traces verbal parallels between the Earl and "Shakespeare." I've only had time to sample it, but my early impression is that it strengthens Oxford's claim. I recommend it as indispensable to anyone who takes a serious interest in the authorship question— but not without reservations.

If anything, Fowler finds too many parallels between Oxford's turns of phrase in 37 surviving letters and Shakespeare's. "I perceive" and "for fear of" occur often in both bodies of writing, but they are hardly idiosyncratic enough to prove the two authors one. It's true that the frequency with which a man uses a common idiom can become a sort of personal signature, and this sort of thing is not totally worthless as evidence, but such items don't justify the tone of triumphant confirmation Fowler tends to accord each one separately.

In order to judge, we'd have to know how often the same idioms were used by other Elizabethan writers. Even the more self-consciously figurative language Oxford shares with Shakespeare doesn't prove as much as Fowler would like it to, since many rhetorical and poetic figures that arrest a modern eye turn out to have been conventional in 1600.

But though their separate value may be nil, Fowler's examples do have a cumulative power. After a thousand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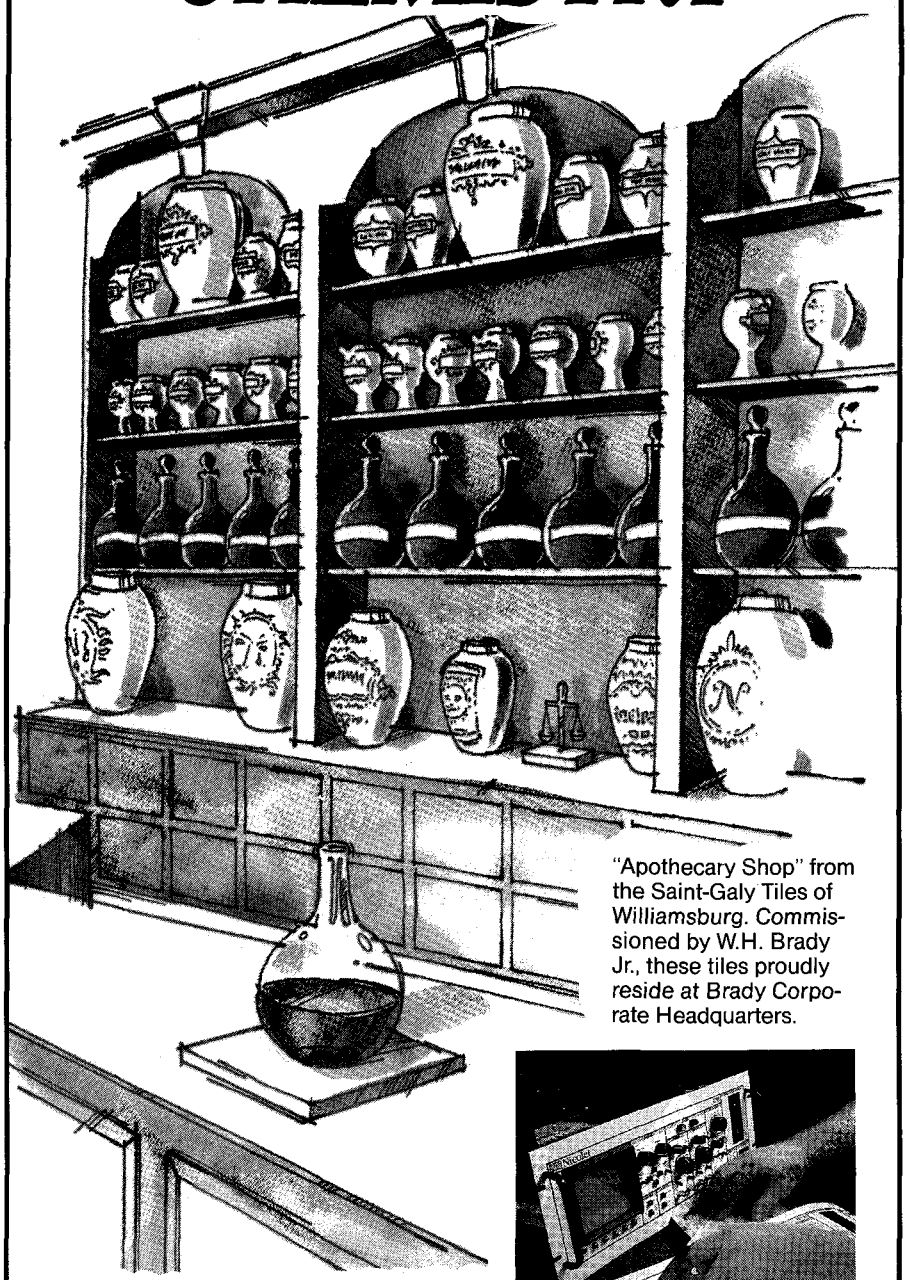

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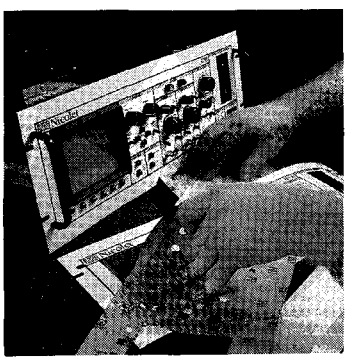

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minor coincidences, it's hard to lay the resemblances to accident. And the similarity transcends enumeration. Eventually one says, with Gloucester in *King Lear*, "The trick of that voice I do well remember." Even the Protean Shakespeare has a distinctive basic manner, and the ear catches it in Oxford.

In one letter he speaks of "bury[ing] my hopes in the deep abyss and bottom of despair." Curiously, Fowler doesn't twig to two Shakespearean echoes. In *Richard III* we find "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." In *The Tempest*, "in the dark backward and abysm of time."

Another letter complains: "And I am to content myself according to the English proverb that it is my hap to starve like the horse, while the grass doth grow." The proverb said: "While the grass groweth the steed starveth." Compare Hamlet's "Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'—the proverb is something musty."

Some of these letters are casual—Elizabethan phone calls. They don't display rampant genius, any more than Joyce's letters do, but they aren't just anyone's letters, either. Throw out the weak specimens, and Fowler still has hundreds to suggest that in Oxford's correspondence we find Shakespeare offstage—a brilliant man at ease, tossing off words and images he'll later knead into astounding concentrated eloquence. □

## FILM

# GREY EYES

### John Simon

THE RUSSIAN director Nikita Mikhalkov and the Italian star Marcello Mastroianni have been gravitating toward each other for years. Mikhalkov, who adores Fellini's *8½* and resees it before he starts shooting any film, perceived the actor as the archetypal Italian lover and Fellini exponent. The actor, who saw Mikhalkov's *Slave of Love*, *Oblomov*, and *Unfinished Piece for Player Piano* (from Chekhov's *Platonov*), loved the atmosphere of not so much *dolce* as bittersweet *far niente* in those films, even as Mikhalkov is drawn to Western freedom of expres-

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sion and lavishness. And so, as Hardy says in "The Convergence of the Twain," about the *Titanic* and the fatal iceberg, "consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres." In the movie *Dark Eyes*, watered-down Chekhov meets freeze-dried Fellini in an encounter that should jar both East and West.

It is a film of great opulence even in its locations—Italian spas, gardens, villas, Russian villages, churches, palaces, land- and townscapes—shot with eye-dilating, very nearly cloying beauty by Franco di Giacomo. No expense was spared by the production designers, Mario Garabuglia and Alexander Adabachian (one of the scenarists—beware of movies co-scripted by designers), the costumer Carlo Diappi, and, above all, the producer, Silvia d'Amico Bendico. She is the daughter of Suso Cecchi d'Amico—with Mikhalkov, the third co-scenarist—and one of Italy's most prolific screenwriters. But two hours of ravishing vistas and luxurious interiors cannot make up for that smidgen of intellectual and emotional authenticity nowhere to be found.

Even the film's title is a piece of vulgarity, deriving as it does from the best known and trashiest Russian song, which, moreover, is totally irrelevant here: Elena Sofonova, who plays the heroine, has grey eyes. To accommodate both Mikhalkov's and Mastroianni's fortes, something Russo-Italian had to be concocted. Four Chekhov stories, notably "The Lady with the Lapdog," were dimly drawn on, but mostly it is the three scenarists improvising in what they claim to be the Chekhovian manner. Actually, it is quite un-Chekhovian and utterly unmannerly.

The frame story has a rather slovenly, dilapidated Italian telling his life to a Russian passenger in the dining room of a ship sailing from Greece to Italy. Romano, the narrator, was a modest student of architecture when he married Elisa, an heiress who soon came into her fortune, which made Romano give up all work, to turn into a party clown, a Lothario, a hedonistic lazybones, who, when things get hairy at home, goes off to a spa. At a big party in his house, Romano eludes Elisa (Silvana Mangano), who has just learned that the family fortune may be lost, and a frolicsome mistress (Marthe Keller) to take a siesta. Pursued by the women, he packs himself off to a spa near Pisa, where, after one casual dalliance, he starts another with Anna, an unhappily married young Russian—the lady with the lapdog. Upset by their affair, the innocent Anna escapes to her distant province, leaving behind a passionate letter.

Back home, the letter haunts Romano, who journeys to Russia on the pretext of building a factory there, and manages to overcome bureaucratic opposition to a travel permit. (This is clumsy pseudo-Gogol.) He makes it to Anna's provincial town, where, after some ludicrous contretemps, the pair embrace again in a barn and resolve to marry, but Romano must first (improbably) trek back alone to secure a divorce in Italy—at that time! Confronted with Elisa, he loses his nerve and remains stuck. However, without our being told why and how, he finally left Elisa and has become, we learn, a waiter on this ship. His Russian interlocutor now summarizes *his* story: how, after years of persistent wooing, he managed to persuade an unhappy woman who doesn't love him to marry him. They're on their honeymoon, and she's about to join him and Romano. She is, of course, the woman with the grey—sorry, dark—eyes and we end on a closeup on her, looking not a day or a care older.

To turn Chekhov into O. Henry is bad enough. Chekhov's stories are not tied into neat little packages; rather, they end on ironies, uncertainties, aporias. Further, they are painted with quick little strokes of a dry brush: a wrenching detail here, a teasing wisp of conversation there. Mikhalkov & Co., however, go in for sprawl, lush exoticism, and lots of sight gags (Romano pretending that the mere Russian word *sabatchka*, lapdog, uttered by Anna cures his allegedly suffering legs). How would Chekhov, for whom Stanislavsky was too much, have taken to Mikhalkov?

The Italians are seen as decadent Westerners; the Russians are either slightly less decadent aristocrats or good creatures from the lower orders, including an ecologically concerned veterinarian who is a crushing, gate-crashing bore. Their convivial carousals are much nicer excesses than the Italians' sexual cavortings and balneary hysterics. The scenes at the spa, by the way, doubtless intended as an *hom-*

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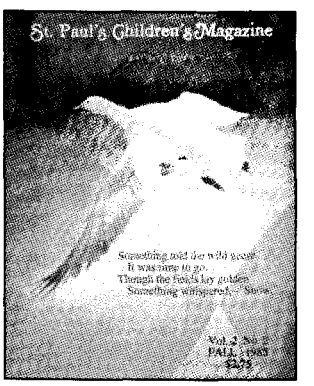


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*mage* to *8½*, emerge as rather too rich for *Marat/Sade*, what with elderly patients racing about in wheelchairs as if in bumper cars or wallowing in mud baths like Disneyfied pigs, not to mention mealtime with a mountainous soprano yodeling a Rossini aria. Pauline Kael has rightly pointed out Mikhalkov's bungling of details: when Anna fingerpaints a line on the wall with her tears, the design does not evaporate; when a glycerine tear bejewels the corner of Anna's eye, it never rolls off. Not much better is a chorus of happily warbling gypsies riding past Romano's carriage, to be followed by his mother's voice singing a childhood lullaby on the soundtrack as saffron dawn breaks over the tundra. How life-affirming is a three-ring circus?

Even the music by the commonplace Francis Lai is a poor imitation of a Nino Rota score for Fellini. Mastroianni is still charmingly, fecklessly himself, but Mikhalkov does not push him to reveal the depth and daring he is capable of. Silvana Mangano is stylish and striking, Marthe Keller prettily bubbly, but neither has much to do. Only Elena Sofonova, as Anna,

# THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WILLIAM J. MURRAY'S *Nicaragua: Portrait of a Tragedy* (Mainroads Productions Inc., 310 Judson Street, Unit 14, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M8Z 1V3; $6.95) would have been a better book, even a unique one, if the author—an American evangelist and the founder of Freedom's Friends, an organization which provides relief to anti-Communist insurgencies around the world—had focused it primarily on his personal witness of the civil war in Nicaragua, where he has been on patrol with units of the Nicaraguan Democratic Force, slept on hand grenade boxes at night "so the scorpions couldn't get to us," spoken with captives from the Sandinista army as well as with victims of Sandinista torturers, examined captured Soviet-made arms, and preached a sermon in base camp to guerrilla fighters who had gathered before dawn to hear the "gringo preacher" speak at ten o'clock in the morning. Instead, he has chosen to write a kind of summary statement in condemnation of the regime in Managua and in support of their opponents in the hills, that is also an appeal to his American readers to support the Reagan Administration's stand on behalf of the Contras. Murray's skills as a writer are rudimentary at best; his style conforms to the breathless unsophistication of most modern American evangelists, and he has an inclination toward the cliché: "godless Communism," "rears its ugly head," and so forth. Nevertheless, his book *is* effective, and *does* largely accomplish its author's goal. As a book, it leaves much to be desired. As a document, it has real interest and importance.

There is, to start with, the fact of Mr. Murray's background: he is a son of the professional atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair, of whom he always writes in the past tense and who he claims has always thought of herself as a Marxist—rather than an atheist—"leader."

> In our Marxist home, I had a "Bible study," but it was for the study of the Marxist-Leninist bible. The study gave me an in-depth knowledge of Marxism. . . . My mother . . . couldn't cope with all the decisions which had to be made in life. She preferred a government which told her what to do and provided for her. Within a period of twenty years, she had held at least forty jobs. Like most other individuals in the Communist Party, or Nazi Party, or KKK, she was recruited directly out of an unemployment line. . . . I broke with Marxism at the beginning of my adult life. . . . For the most part, those Freedom Fighters have no idea who I am. They have no idea I came from a Marxist home or that my mother removed prayer from the public schools in America. All they know is that they keep seeing the duffel bags and boxes of supplies coming in that have these red, white, and blue tags on them which say, "Freedom Friends—AMIGOS DE LIBERTAD, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

Murray made his decision to help the Contras when, in 1984, Congress first curtailed aid to the rebel troops: "It became obvious to me," he writes, "that our government could not be trusted to maintain a dependable, consistent foreign policy." He decided to construct a "network of aid" to Nicaragua that would benefit not only the guerrillas themselves but their families and sympathizers, and he also determined that he would go to that country and see for himself just how his supplies were being used, as well as what kind of people were using them. "Now I am totally prepared when the news media come to our warehouses and ask me, 'Why do you send medical supplies, food, and clothing to thieves, murderers, and thugs?' "

Murray learned, "almost from the beginning," that the revolution in Nicaragua is being fought by "entire families," many of whom have been deprived of their livelihood and property by the Communists.

> Many were fighting only to get their property and possessions back. They couldn't understand why they as productive individuals in their society had been punished for productivity. . . . News reports describe the Contra Freedom Fighters as a "peasant army." Not exactly true. Many of these people are middle class and are literate. They fight because they want to return to their homes and businesses.

He also discovered that the atrocities ascribed to the Contras by the regime in Nicaragua are far more likely to be perpetrated by Sandinista troops. Not only are rape and child-murder unlikely among units in which as many as 20 per cent of the commandos are female, but Murray has himself witnessed the welcomes given these units by enthusiastic villagers. "I've watched the troops come back from combat. I haven't seen any [of them] coming out of Nicaragua carrying rugs, lamps, jewelry, stoves, or any other pilfered items." Murray has plenty of gruesome stories (many on file with the Nicaraguan Committee on Human Rights) of atrocities committed by Sandinista units in the field—often, it appears, with the aid of their foreign allies.

Here, for instance, is the testimony of Pedro Santos Fiallos, a Christian farmer abducted by State Security in 1982 for the crime of practicing his religion: "The two [Cuban] doctors took my testicles and they wrapped bare wire around them and gave me electrical shocks. They hung me from my fingers and from the testicles. Then they put pliers in the bullet holes, giving me electrical shocks." □



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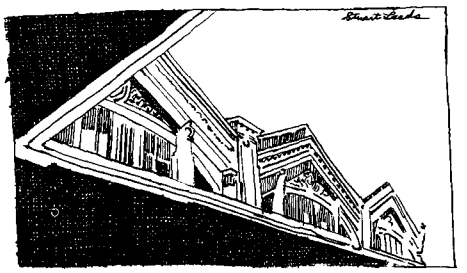

manages to contribute something fetching and moving, with little help from the script. There are implausible explanations for Russians hanging around Italy or speaking Italian, but the worst thing is to make Romano strong enough to reach Anna against overwhelming odds, then stupidly abandon her. In Chekhov's "Lady with a Lapdog," the quasi-happy but forlorn ending is much more depressingly true to life. And to think that there already exists a lovely 1959 Russian film by Iosif Heifitz from that story, which makes a mock of Mikhalkov's fatuous supererogation.

WITH *Maurice*, the producer Ismail Merchant and the director James Ivory, this time with Kit Hesketh-Harvey replacing Ruth Prawer Jhabvala at the writing end, have made their best film to date. E. M. Forster's 1914 novel—a homosexual wish-fulfillment fantasy written before the author had lost his virginity—is markedly inferior to his other fiction, hence more likely to survive filmization; besides, the subject is clearly congenial to our filmmakers. This is the semiautobiographical tale of Maurice, sent down from Cambridge because of a platonic but all-consuming affair with Clive, a fellow undergraduate of higher social rank. Maurice becomes a stockbroker, and tries to maintain a loving nexus with Clive, who, however, conforms and marries. Neither the family doctor nor a hypnotist can change Maurice's tendencies, and, on one of his frequent visits to Clive's country house and posh estate, he is drawn into an affair with Alec, the undergamekeeper (shades of Lady Chatterley!), which he first tries to fight. Alec almost emigrates to Argentina, but stays for Maurice, who, over Clive's shocked protest, goes off with him to a happy life abroad.

Lytton Strachey, who appears as Risley in the novel and film, warned Forster that the happy ending was unbelievable, but Forster, who needed vicarious fulfillment, wouldn't have it otherwise. *Maurice*, despite the odd bit of added drama, moves at a leisurely and cautious pace, like the novel. And it does capture the last placid period in history, as well as the effort it took to break loose from Victoria's legacy. Ivory and Merchant have got hold of their best cinematographer yet, the veteran French cameraman Pierre Lhomme, who shoots everything, but especially the Cambridge colleges by day and night, with the freshness of someone seeing it all for the first time, which may have been the case, though the quality of rapture without ostentation is Lhomme's very own specialty.

The screenplay, on which Ivory collaborated, sins only infrequently, as in a couple of anachronistic and redundant "never ever"s. Maurice, played by James Wilby, a young James Fox lookalike, is nicely modulated and felt. Hugh Grant is a compelling Clive, Rupert Graves an acceptable Alec, and some well-known British actors do well by supporting parts. This is a film with shape and psychological concern, rare qualities in today's cinema. I only wish Richard Robbins's music, complete with Tchaikovskyan


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borrowings, had behaved with more restraint on the soundtrack. □

# DELECTATIONS

## THE MONDAVI METHOD

### Nika Hazelton

WHEN, many years ago, I visited Robert Mondavi and his winery in California's Napa Valley, the thing that impressed me most was Mondavi's openness to new ideas and wine-making techniques, and his generosity in sharing them with anybody who was wise enough to listen. I am happy to say that this openness has paid off handsomely: Bob Mondavi has not only produced superb wines, he has become the unofficial spokesman for wine in America.

The excellence of American wine is beginning to be recognized abroad, although here at home the industry is not doing well at all. Per-capita wine consumption in the United States remains at 2.43 gallons a year, compared to a whopping 21.6 gallons in Italy. And not only do we drink little wine, but the increasingly tough regulations against drunken driving, the raising of the drinking age to 21, and the American preoccupation with health, all militate against an increase in wine consumption; the one exception being wine coolers (heavily promoted, fruity, low-alcohol soda pop), which are drunk very cold to suit the American taste for sweet, icy drinks, and especially for such drinks as deliver a slight alcoholic buzz. Though wine-cooler sales in 1986 have shown an increase of 36.8 per cent over 1985, I wonder whether wine-cooler drinkers will mature, as some people hope, into table-wine drinkers; it takes a lot of exposure to develop a taste for dry wines if you have not been familiar with them since childhood. Nevertheless, expensive table wines and costly imports do well with our wine drinkers: we have become a nation in which a few people drink good wines and many others drink no wine at all.

Bob Mondavi has an instinctive sense that what is good for Robert Mondavi is also good for the nation, and vice versa. When he started his winery in 1966, he was this country's most innovative winemaker, producing the splendid big vintages fashionable at the time. Other producers were inspired by his success, and California wine started making waves in Europe. In the process, Napa Valley became known as America's finest wine country, a fact much resented in other California wine regions. Nevertheless, the national wine market has changed a good deal during the last decade. Before that, well-made but rather bland jug and generic wines suited the general American wine-drinking public; as a matter of fact, these still make up the bulk of wine coming out of California, even though between 1976 and 1986 they fell off by 44 per cent.

Meanwhile, American wine producers, propagandists, and wine writers, having become less snobbish, discovered that wine is not a fancy drink, but rather a staple accompaniment to the everyday meal. Now the nation needed a good, much less expensive red or white for everyday drinking. In the past, some big winemakers like Gallo and Almaden had produced clean, well-made wines, inexpensive and far superior in quality to their European equivalents, yet nevertheless not quite classy enough to suit the sophisticated American taste. Bob Mondavi, trading on the excellence of his premium wines, in 1977 started to make the Robert Mondavi white, red, and rosé, which he called simply White, Red, or Rosé Table Wines. These wines were also marketed in big bottles, and they cost less than his fine varietals, such as the vintage-dated Cabernets, Chardonnays, etc. (A varietal wine is one whose label identifies the grapes from which the wine is made. Federal law requires that at least 75 per cent of these grapes be of the variety that gives the wine its name. Vintage-dating means that the grapes were of a specific vintage, as stated on the bottle label.)

Bob Mondavi has discovered that Americans like varietal wines, meaning that they like to know what is in their bottles, as well as the proper

*(Continues on page 66)*



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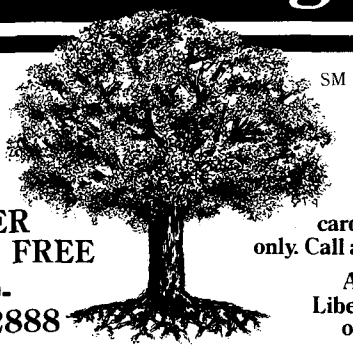

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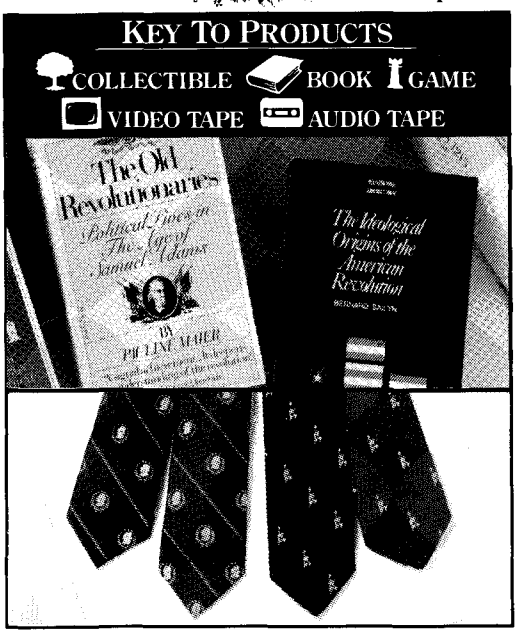


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## WHAT ARE 'THEY' UP TO?

*NEW YORK, OCT. 7*

**Q:** Excuse me, uh, sir, but you consider yourself a qualified expert on nuclear strategy?

**A:** Well, in a word, yes.

**Q:** Big question. For several years a basic contention of the Administration has been that the Soviet Union has violated the ABM treaty—by reason of its radar station in Siberia, in the unpronounceable site of Krasnoyarsk. Now a little while ago a small congressional delegation traveled there, and most of its members said that from all they were able to judge—for instance, they saw a lot of, oh, rotten concrete, disrepair, that kind of thing—Krasnoyarsk is not a big deal, and probably doesn't violate the treaty. Comment?

**A:** You gotta begin by asking yourself the primary question. It's this: the ABM treaty was designed to eliminate defensive anti-nuclear capabilities except within authorized sites (two, at the beginning; then one). The treaty said that authorized nuclear-missile-oriented radar sites were limited to those that hugged the frontiers of the two treaty countries—

**Q:** What does that mean?

**A:** That it's okay to detect an enemy missile when it is about to cross the frontier of, oh, Kamchatka. That would simply say to Moscow: A nuclear strike by the U.S.A. is on its way—do whatever you can. But the kind of early warning that is given by a radar located in the central USSR (or the central U.S.A.) would necessarily suggest another function.

**Q:** Namely?

**A:** Anti-ballistic-missile defense.

**Q:** What's wrong with that?

**A:** Nothing. Except that the ABM treaty to which we both subscribe sets limits on anti-ballistic nuclear defense, and there is no way to understand any function for Krasnoyarsk within the constraints of the treaty.

**Q:** The Russians say that K. is simply a conveniently located radar station whose only function is to track satellite movements. Nothing wrong about that, is there? Why shouldn't we accept this explanation?

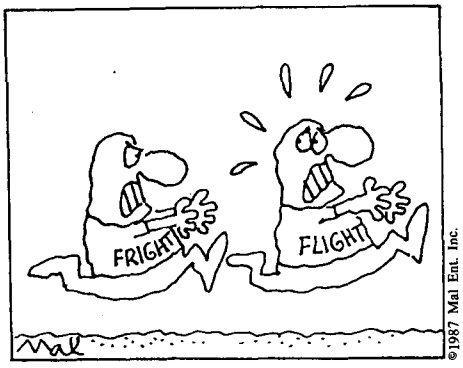
**A:** Robert Gates, Deputy Director of the CIA, calls this explanation "preposterous." He said that if that were truly the function of K., it is facing in the wrong direction for tracking satellites (K. faces in an easterly direction, whereas most satellites are launched toward the east, to get a boost from the earth's rotation). And K., for mere satellite-watching, is situated in the wrong place—too far north to see the NASA shuttle, too far west to see the launching of military satellites out of Vandenberg. And it looks up at the heavens at the wrong angle (just 20 degrees above the horizon, good for picking up distant warheads, but very poor for tracking satellites orbiting overhead). On top of which, it has the wrong frequency for tracking satellites (too low).

**Q:** What, then, is the function of the Krasnoyarsk radar?

**A:** Its function is "battle management." In the event of a U.S. nuclear strike, it would receive early information on the trajectory of the incoming missiles, relay that information to relevant anti-ballistic-missile stations, which would proceed to knock much, probably most, conceivably all, of the U.S.'s enfeebled attack out of the air.

**Q:** Why do you say "enfeebled"?

**A:** Because we are talking about a nuclear exchange along the lines envisioned by the Soviet Union. The U.S. will not strike first. But if the Soviets struck, our land-based missiles would be exterminated. Our retaliatory arsenal would be reduced to sea- and air-launched missiles. The Soviet objective would be to protect against them. Krasnoyarsk plus eight other Soviet radar tracking centers—some of them already built, some under construction—will in five years give the Soviets confident protection against a feeble U.S. second-strike retaliation.




**Q:** Doesn't the pending INF treaty bear on all these calculations?

**A:** No. In no way. The Soviet SS-18s, -19s, -24s, and -25s are unmolested by the proposed INF treaty. These would be the weapons used in the event of a first strike or its intimidatory equivalent. But indispensable to any ultimatum issued by the Soviet Union would be the knowledge that it could defend itself against retaliation. That is why, while we yak about SDI and Star Wars and the Space Shield, the Soviet Union proceeds as though the ABM treaty did not exist.

**Q:** Why doesn't the Administration blow the whistle on all this?

**A:** Good question. President Reagan every now and then talks about how the Communists are cheating; the CIA says directly they are cheating. But we just go on, to another treaty, never mind that the last one goes unobserved.

**Q:** Death-wish stuff?

**A:** Death-wish stuff. □

## ARE WE SAVING?

*NEW YORK, OCT. 12*

People who only a few years ago were lamenting a miscreated front called Reaganomics, are nowadays looking about to find, retroactively, flaws in the grand design. An instructive example of this took place on the David Brinkley hour recently. Congressman Jack Kemp, identified beyond any other man with the retreat from high marginal tax rates, and associated therefore with the idea of supply-side economics, was being given a hard time by Sam Donaldson and George Will. GW began by probing two points. Supply-side economics had promised that it would encourage the propensity to save: in fact the American people are saving less now than they ever saved before. Secondly, How is it that our deficit is so large when for every dollar in reduced taxes, a corresponding dollar in government revenues from energized industrial activity was promised?

Mr. Kemp did not handle the challenge with precision, which is a pity since he is vastly instructed in the general subject.

Concerning the rate of savings, it is true that the United States' 3 per cent savings rate is miserable in comparison with, for



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instance, that of West Germany (12 per cent) and Japan (16 per cent). In the years beginning with the first tax reduction law of 1981, savings have dropped from 6.7 per cent to the present rate.

The reasons for this are obvious, and less obvious.

People tend to save in order to finance the major contingencies in life. The first of these is medical health, and here the governments, state and local, and the insurance companies have, with Medicare, Medicaid, Blue Cross, and the like, substantially removed the public fear of running out of money to pay the doctor with.

The cost of living in retirement is greatly reduced by Social Security, indexed for inflation. It is unfair to point out that the stability of Social Security is in doubt: the public correctly assumes that there will be no default in it.

The one major item to worry about is the education of one's children. The costs of non-public colleges are huge. But in the last few years, grants from state and federal sources, and help from the colleges themselves have eased the problem even though the young doctor, lawyer, or professor can find himself $100,000 in debt.

Now at the other end, you have first the spectacular rise in the stock market. It is a minority that benefits directly from that rise (only 47 million people buy and sell shares in their own name); but many more millions have interests in pension plans which have benefited from the rise in the stock market. During the past ten years, stocks have increased in value by 217 per cent.

And then there is the rise in the value of housing. In 1977, the median value of a single-family house was $36,000. In 1983, it was $59,000. It's probably over $75,000 now.

One can see that the father of a family who sees 13 per cent of his income going into Social Security; 10 per cent into a pension fund; 2 per cent into medical insurance; and 25 per cent into a house mortgage payment, on top of which he saves an additional 3 per cent—that man thinks himself to be prudently managing his money.

Now this concededly is not as in days gone by. But our concern for savings has traditionally been less because we worry about the indigent elderly than because we worry about the shortage of capital.

But there is no shortage of capital at the moment. This, granted, is significantly owing to the flow of capital from abroad, as one would expect, given the trade imbalance. The strategic impact of foreign capital invested in the United States isn't obvious to most economists. It is obvious that our unemployment rate continues to decrease: and all of this notwithstanding the shibboleth about America's failure to save. The call for increased savings, in light of the experience of the past few years, is rather the call of the ethics professor, than the economics professor.

Supply-side economics has done pretty well. Those who predicted that additional revenues would exactly equal taxes diminished were not scientists—they were the voodoo men. And they should not be quoted back at such as Jack Kemp, who never made the dollar-to-dollar prediction. All that Kemp said was that we should go in a particular direction. We have; and the Republic is better off for it. □

# QUICKLY. DEATH IS GOING ON

*NEW YORK, OCT. 2*

THE MOVEMENT to ease the awful pain of some deaths from cancer is showing signs of life. Not inconceivably, the present Congress could make the decisive move: to permit doctors treating terminally ill patients who have failed to respond to lesser drugs to administer injections of heroin. It has been a very long fight, and Mrs. Judith Quattlebaum of Washington, D.C. has led it, unflaggingly. It was more than ten years ago that she undertook to organize a committee to bring to the attention of Congress, which passes laws regulating the use of drugs, the plight of Americans who suffer great pain of the kind that could be alleviated by such injections of heroin as are routinely administered in Great Britain to those who are certain soon to die.

What Mrs. Q. keeps running into is a) a part of the medical establishment that against all reasonable evidence persists in insisting that a combination of lesser drugs will accomplish the same pain-abatement; and b), more importantly, those in Congress who succumb to the argument that to authorize heroin in the hospitals would be to flood the streets with it, augmenting the incidence of drug addiction.

But the data have been carefully accumulated, and the Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain has in hand data difficult to contend with. If every milligram of heroin that it is proposed be legally authorized to hospitals tending to cancer patients were stolen from the hospital safes at two o'clock in the afternoon and made instantly available to street peddlers of illegal heroin, the result would be to augment the existing supply of illegal drugs by between 2 and 4 per cent. Since there is little likelihood that one thousand hospitals would coordinate an operation more difficult than the Normandy landing, what we see is a threat of no consequence.

And then the most important figure of all. Since 1980, when the Committee came close to winning congressional approval, eight thousand persons per year have died of cancer, in excruciating pain that might have been sharply mitigated if only Congress had acted.

The good news this season has been the activity of Senator Inouye, who is the principal Senate sponsor of the heroin bill. He is joined by a number of senators across the ideological spectrum. Senator Dennis DeConcini has been very active. Add Senators John Melcher, Quentin Burdick, Ted Stevens, Thad Cochrane, Donald Riegle, Carl Levin, John Warner, Nancy Kassebaum, James McClure, Patrick Leahy —and, most recently, Robert Dole.

The principal opponent of the measure is Congressman Charles Rangel of Harlem, a man of great charm and persuasion who is, however, a fundamentalist on the drug problem. If heroin is bad, Mr. Rangel reasons, then why would Congress authorize its use? Well, Congress authorizes the use of napalm; and every day in every hospital, tools—and drugs—are used that, misused, would cause trouble, sometimes death. But Mr. Rangel does not own Congress, and much turns on the position, as yet unstated, to be taken by the President. And on this particular issue, much turns on the attitude of the First Lady, the nation's most adamant and conspicuous opponent of drug abuse. But Mrs. Reagan, daughter of a distinguished doctor, and daughter of an ailing mother, knows the difference between heroin used by a healthy street delinquent, and heroin administered by a doctor one of whose mandates is to ease pain.

SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY, as chairman of the Committee on Labor and Human Resources, presides over the committee that would normally hear testimony for and against the proposed measure. He has told his colleagues that he is too busy to undertake to examine the proposed bill during this session. But congressional tradition holds that at least one committee of Congress should hear testimony; and back in 1984, the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment—which reports to the Committee on Energy and Commerce—heard such testimony. It would be altogether conventional for the Senate to waive its own hearings, accept those of the House, and move directly to a vote on the floor.

Mr. Kennedy, who often speaks of the unnecessary cruelties of life, ought to react to the principal problem before the house, which is: every day's delay means 25 deaths in unnecessary pain. The whole of Congress should be alerted to this point. It is responsible to pass the bill—or to vote it down. What is not responsible is simply to dither away another month, year, decade, letting the agony of the hopeless subsidize congressional torpor. □

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## Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

CHRISTOPHER LAYNE:

*On Europe*

As long as Germany remains divided, Europe remains partitioned, thereby foreclosing the hopes of the increasingly restive Eastern Europeans for political and economic freedom and restoration of Europe's cultural unity.



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## HAZELTON

(Continued from page 60)

vintage year. Equally importantly, he knows that the days of high-priced premium wines are gone: very few people who drink wine with their meals can afford to pay premium prices for their daily tipple. Grasping the precarious situation of wine in America, Mondavi has come out with four new, inexpensive, vintage-dated varietals, namely a Sauvignon Blanc, a red Cabernet, and two made of the prolific Zinfandel grape—a fruity, somewhat sweet rosé, and a white Zinfandel (the latter being fashionable now). The grapes from which these wines are made are abundant and not very costly to grow. Furthermore, these new wines are made in Woodbridge, near Lodi, and south of San Francisco, so that they cannot and do not bear the prestigious Napa Valley label of origin. They are called simply California Sauvignon Blanc, etc., and although the Robert Mondavi name is prominent on the label, the design is different from the usual Napa Valley Winery label on the Robert Mondavi premium wines. In other words, they are Bob Mondavi's "second" label, which Americans and Europeans use for their lesser products.

I have tasted the new Mondavi Woodbridge wines, and they are pleasant, well made, and somewhat thin, which, everything considered, is only to be expected. The name of Robert Mondavi on their label is a guarantee of their quality as long as he lives. □

## GALLAGHER

(Continued from page 42)

like a prima donna." A large HONESTY IS THE BEST FOREIGN POLICY sign caught her eye. "Yeah," she snorted at the unfortunate protestor, "well, you're not very educated if you believe that." Just then a young man who said he admired her frequent letters to the editor interrupted to ask for her autograph, and I lost sight of her in the crowd.

The protest lasted about an hour. I can't tell you how happy I was strolling up and down Maple Avenue on that warm, leafy morning. The protestors looked so moral and earnest and filled with loving brotherhood, and the people of Philmont seemed so pleased to have something, anything, to offer up to their fellow Americans through the priestly ministrations of my journalistic colleagues and me, and the photographers appeared so cynically happy in their foreknowledge that America's great appetite for photo opportunities would be satisfied that day. I could not believe my great good fortune to be there, sharing in such plenitude.

My euphoria dissipated during the 11 o'clock parade. More and more protestors arrived, lining up on both sides of the streets, swamping the townspeople with their tombstones representing dead Nicaraguan children, flying those damn blue balloons. I grew aggravated, constrained, caught up in agonizing moral dilemmas. If I sang "God Bless America" when the fat guy with the funny hat asked all us pro-Northers to, would that contravene the high standards of objectivity demanded of my profession? Would I violate journalistic etiquette if I grabbed a B-B gun and knocked off half a dozen balloons? I have a great deal of professional integrity, but I reached my limit when the obligatory red-haired eight-year-old with the gap-toothed grin held up a big sign: MY DAD SERVED IN 'NAM—I'M NOT GOING TO NICARAGUA. I swear if I had had one handy I'd have dropped the neutrality act, whipped out a photogenic blond toddler, and handed him a sign reading: MY MOMMY LETS ME HAVE MY OWN POLITICAL OPINIONS. Next time I go to one of these, I'm passing out free helium balloons of my own: END PARENTAL OPPRESSION: FREE CANDY FOR ALL.

After the parade, I calmed down a bit with the help of some very nice local brew available at Nick's bar for 55 cents a glass. The revels continued throughout the afternoon, during which protestors and Philmonters alike enjoyed such events as a petting zoo, a baseball game, a square-dancing exhibition, and my personal favorite: the Philmont Community Chorus's rendition of Rodgers and Hammerstein's greatest hits.

I'm not even going to tell you about the three lady artists from Blue Mountain Lake colony who donned an absolutely smashing set of blue prom dresses and bared their shoulders against Oliver North. Any "Sex against Ollie" campaign is obviously doomed from the start. □


William F. Buckley, Jr. says:

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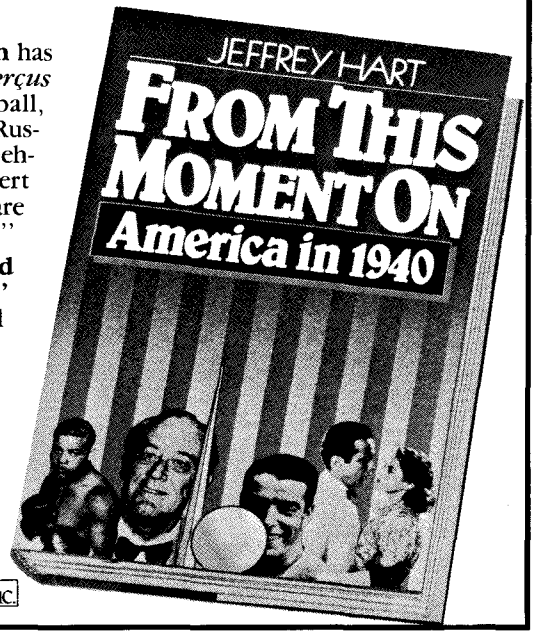





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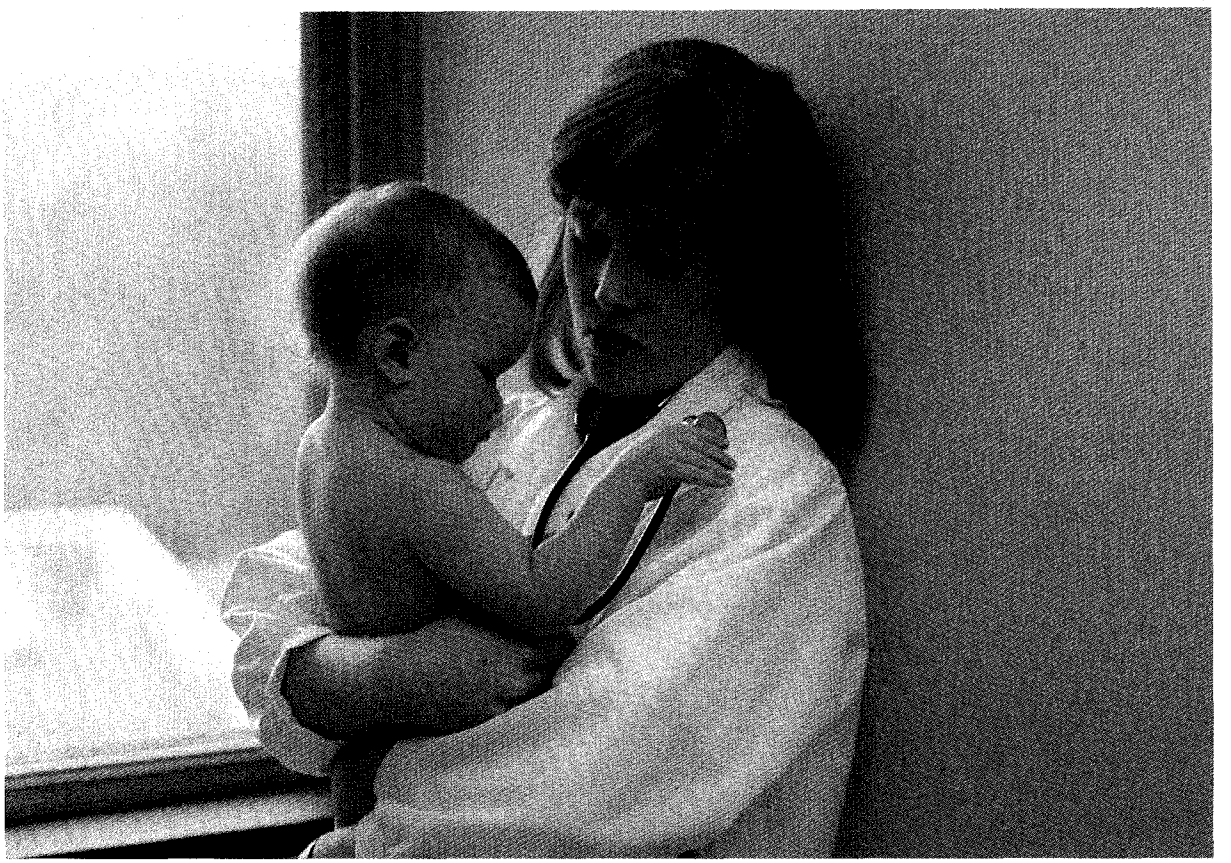

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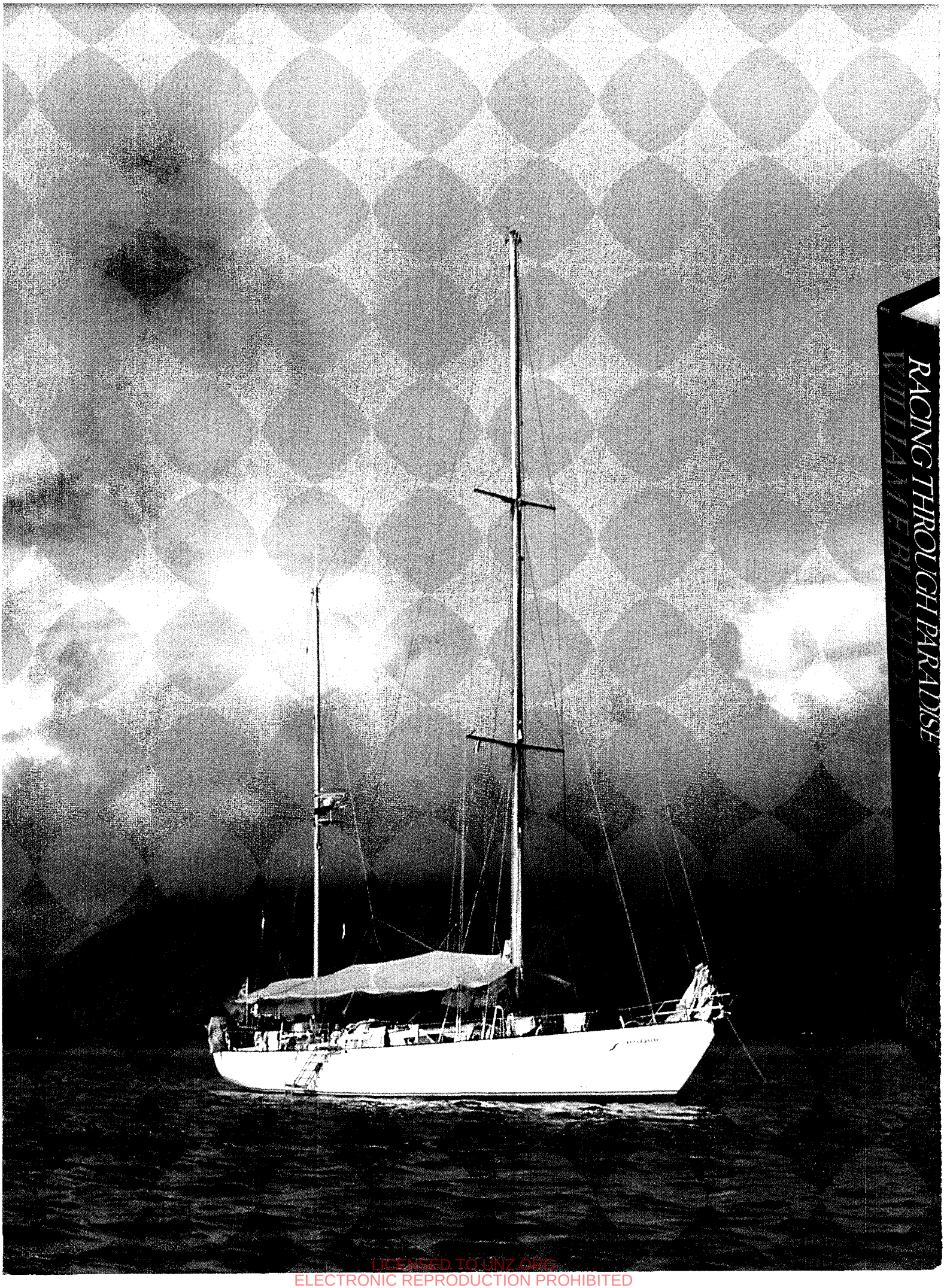


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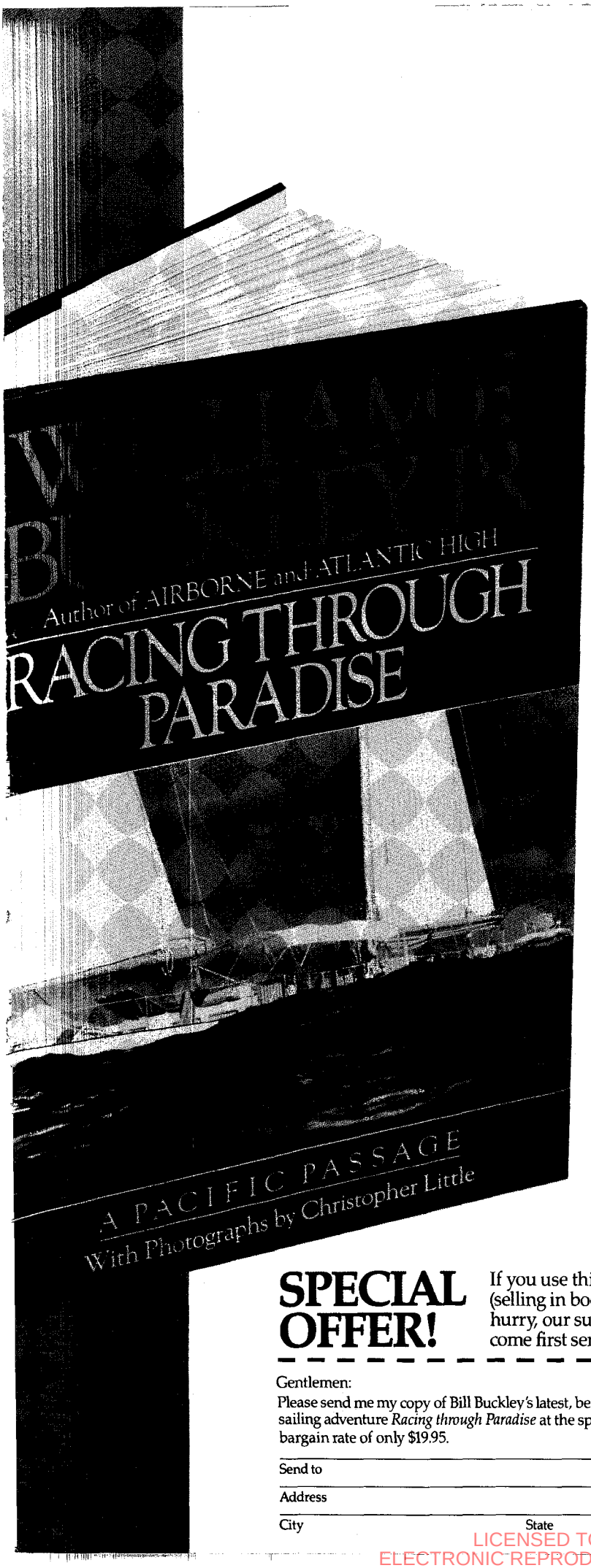
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# TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

## DEFINITIONS

A. Netherlands city
107 10 99 34 87 115 61 175 53

B. Left alone
102 31 95 140 11 76 152 44 167

C. Ballpark hot dog? (hyph.)
55 159 121 37 178 74 113

D. Like a male-chauvinist pig?
176 138 24 41 70 157 132

E. Licensed
111 84 89 148 9 28 125 97 48

F. Boxing division
58 40 137 100 119 169 14 77 173 2
153

G. Governor of New Jersey (1776-90)
110 35 128 52 105 143 8 20 166 78

H. Colorful NYC abode
6 96 56 134 63 179 42 30 86 117

I. Annuls
163 109 12 127 68 146 51 32 103

J. Type of pompano
123 160 136 83 57 170 23 65

K. Seaside phenomenon (hyph.)
130 116 120 36 91 15 75

L. Celebrity dinners
90 124 16 118 180 45

M. Police in waiting
161 141 104 4 145 72 19 94 39

N. Palatable, especially to the dentist
155 122 85 165 43 71 133 25 66

O. Uncertainty
49 126 81 135 5 149 21 147 88

P. Japanese emperor (1912-1926)
50 114 131 29 154 172 13 158 62

Q. Hip connector
64 162 82 27 139 17 168 47 3

R. Proclamation
108 67 142 33 93

S. A truly nutty confection
177 101 46 79 26 150

T. Attempts
98 73 151 59 144 22 112

U. Insurgent's goal
106 54 164 171 38 69 7 174 156 92
80 1 129 18 60

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 U | 2 F | 3 Q | | 4 M | 5 O | 6 H | | 7 U | 8 G | | 9 E | 10 A | 11 B | 12 I | 13 P | 14 F | 15 K | | 16 L | 17 Q |
| 18 U | 19 M | 20 G | | 21 O | 22 T | 23 J | | 24 D | 25 N | 26 S | 27 Q | 28 E | | 29 P | 30 H | 31 B | 32 I | 33 R | 34 A | |
| 35 G | 36 K | | 37 C | 38 U | 39 M | | 40 F | 41 D | | 42 H | 43 N | 44 B | | 45 L | 46 S | 47 Q | 48 E | 49 O | 50 P | |
| 51 I | 52 G | 53 A | 54 U | 55 L | | 56 H | 57 J | | 58 F | 59 T | 60 U | 61 A | 62 P | 63 H | | 64 Q | 65 J | 66 N | | 67 R |
| 68 I | 69 U | | 70 D | 71 N | | 72 M | 73 T | 74 C | 75 K | 76 B | 77 F | 78 G | 79 S | | 80 U | | 81 O | 82 Q | 83 J | |
| 84 E | 85 N | 86 H | 87 A | 88 O | | 89 E | 90 L | 91 K | 92 U | 93 R | | 94 M | 95 B | 96 H | 97 E | 98 T | | 99 A | 100F | 101S |
| 102B | 103I | 104M | 105G | 106U | | 107A | 108R | 109I | 110G | 111E | 112T | | 113C | 114P | 115A | | 116K | 117H | 118L | 119F |
| | 120K | 121C | 122N | 123J | | 124L | 125E | | 126O | 127I | 128G | 129U | 130K | | 131P | 132D | 133N | 134H | 135O | 136J |
| 137F | | 138D | 139Q | 140B | 141M | | 142R | | 143G | 144T | 145M | 146I | 147O | | 148E | 149O | 150S | 151T | 152B | 153F |
| | 154P | 155N | | 156U | 157D | | 158P | 159C | 160J | 161M | | 162Q | 163I | 164U | | 165N | 166G | | 167B | 168Q |
| | 169F | 170J | 171U | 172P | | 173F | 174U | 175A | 176D | 177S | 178C | 179H | 180L | | | | | | | |

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**



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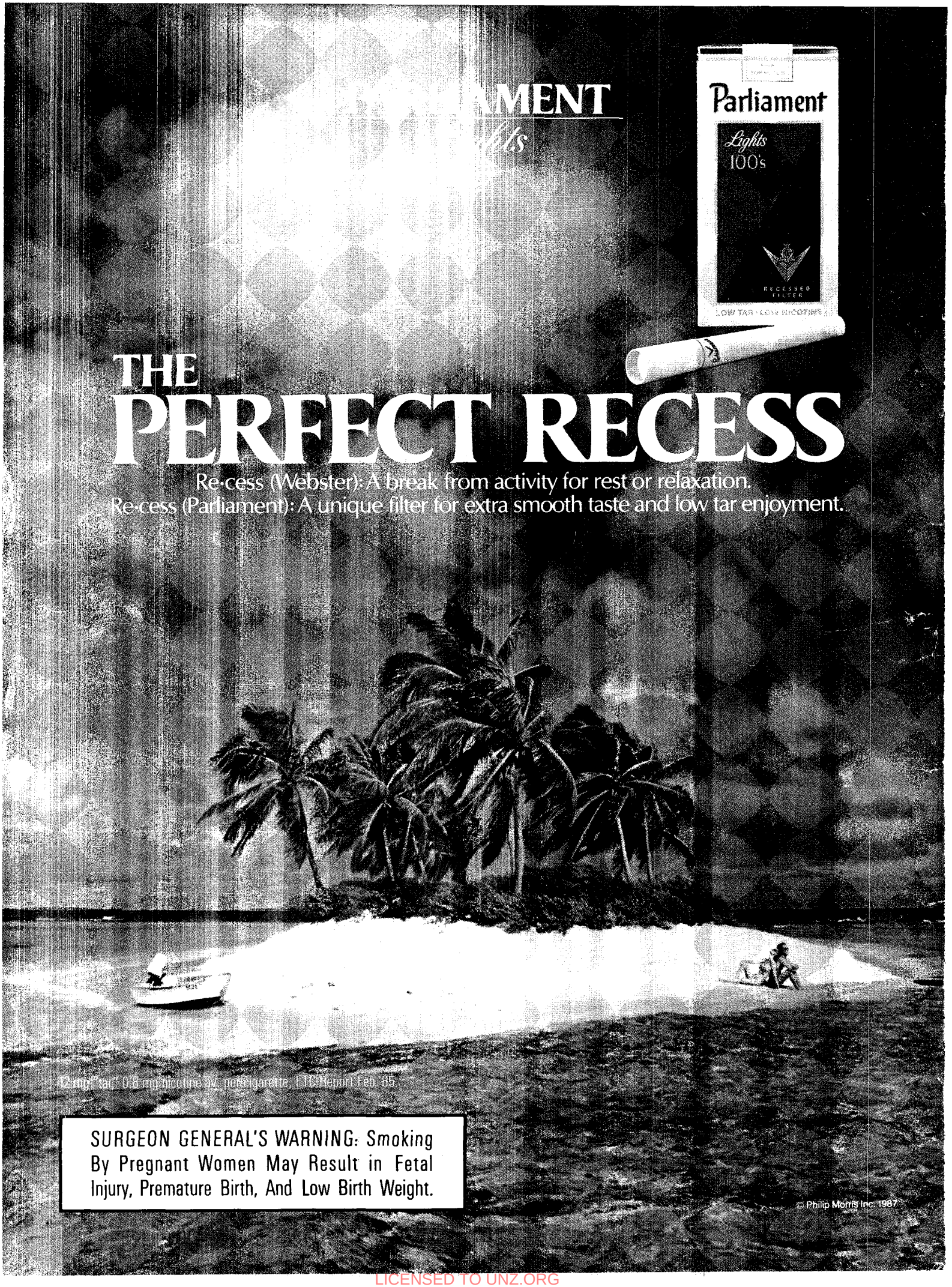
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